

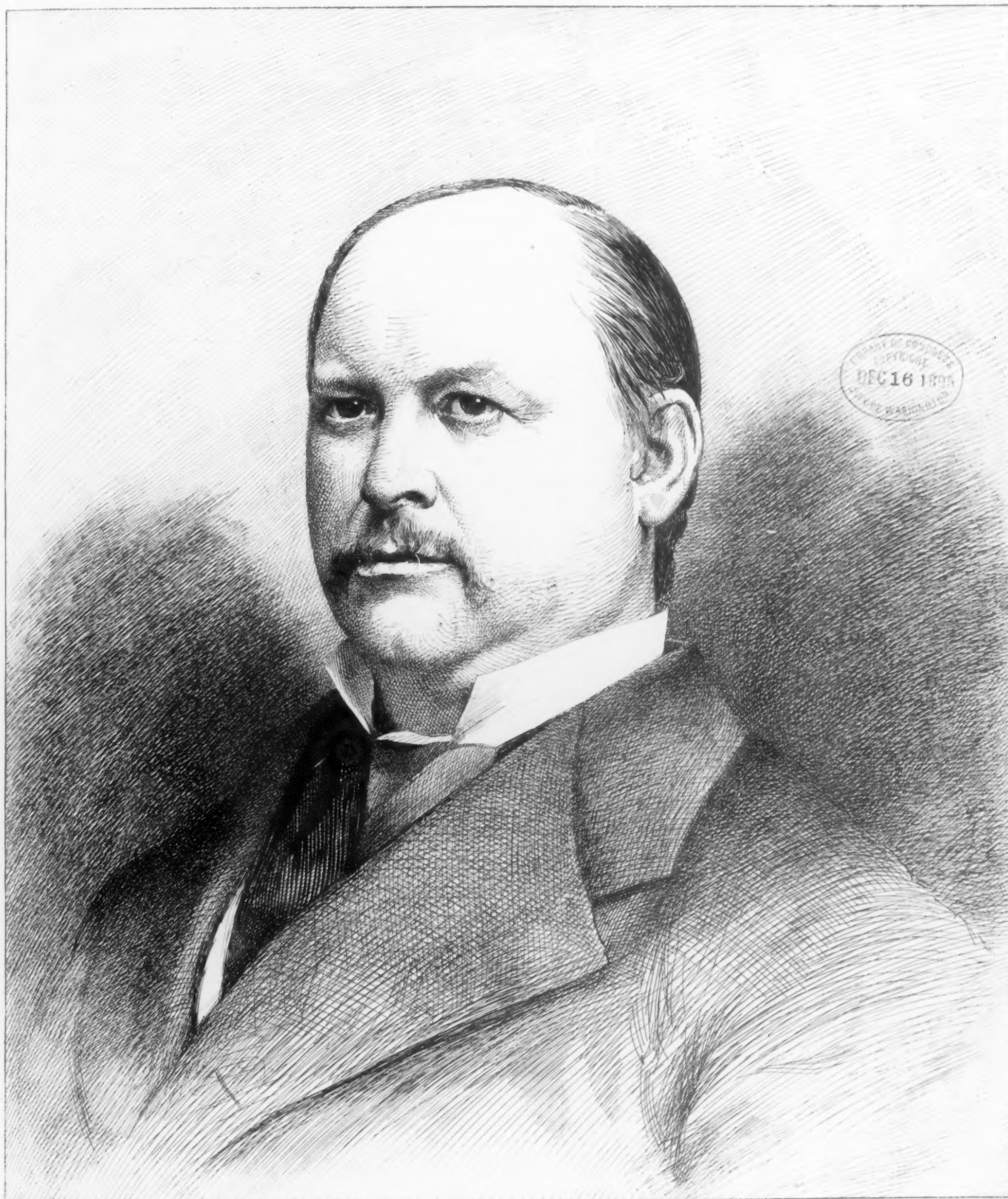
COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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PETER FENELON COLLIER,

No. 523 West 13th Street, New York

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1895.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

In the coldest flint there is hot fire,

The fool wonders; the wise man asks.

What may the country reasonably expect, now that the President has spoken and the Republicans have organized the House of Representatives?

Briefly stated, the President's Message reasserts the Monroe Doctrine with special reference to Venezuela; urges neutrality with respect to the Cuban insurrection; regrets the *Waller* case and asserts that the French Government is treating that individual as well as justice demands, during his imprisonment; and accuses the Turkish Government of thwarting our designs to block the Balkan situation in the disturbed districts where American missionaries were in danger. With a few other minor paragraphs about our foreign relations, the President leaves the subject, which is more fully dealt with in the report of the Secretary of State.

It was expected in certain quarters that the question of raising revenue would be met by the President in the shape of some definite recommendation. The Message, however, makes no recommendation on this head. Indeed the President contends that more revenue would not be a cure for the present difficulty at all. The heroic remedy recommended for the Treasury is the cancellation and retirement of all the greenbacks and of the Treasury notes issued in payment of silver purchases; and the plan is, to do this by means of an issue of long time, low-interest-bearing bonds, of large and small denominations. The President argues against free coinage on the basis that no human contrivance can keep gold and silver together at a fixed ratio, and that our present standard of value is the same gold standard adopted and recognized by the rest of the civilized world.—These are the main points of the Message.

In connection with this quiet and untroubled treatment of our present difficulties by the President the utterance of the Republican leader is still more reassuring. Speaker Reed struck the true key in his speech before the Republican caucus at Washington when he uttered the following words: "We must not forget our first and greatest duty is to do all we can to restore confidence to business and that we must avoid all business legislation except in the direction of improving business. Rather than run risks we can afford to wait until well-matured plans give us assurances of permanent benefit. Crude and hasty legislation is, above all things, to be shunned."

If this means anything it means "let well enough alone." The country is again beginning to prosper. Why disturb it anew by experimental legislation? If Mr. Reed can keep his party strictly to this wise policy all will be well. But if the outcry of some of the partisan papers forces unwilling members to attempt new tariff tinkering, disaster will surely overtake the Republican party and new business troubles will inevitably result.

"There are times when rest is as health-giving as exercise" are wise words from Mr. Reed, who is perhaps the wisest man in his party to-day. He has a great opportunity to show to the country that he is greater even than his party. Will he profit by it? Will he be able to lead his followers in the House of Representatives to a patriotic pronouncement respecting the Monroe Doctrine? This passage in his caucus speech seems to hold out promise of vigorous words and action: "This is the great nation of the hemisphere, and while we have no desire to interfere with other nations, we shall maintain our position here with firmness and self-respect, and at the same time with careful consideration of facts and that conservation of action which shall leave no bad question to trouble our future. In this I trust the whole Government and all its branches will be in accord with each other and with the people."

This speech of Speaker Reed contained only four hundred and forty-nine words, but it was as full of ideas as an egg is said to be of meat. President Lincoln possessed in a high degree the rare gift of being able to express much in few words. Mr. Reed will earn for himself a reputation in the same line if he continues to study brevity of speech.

There will be considerable opposition to the President's neutrality policy toward Cuba. But an easy compromise is available in this connection. The Cuban situation is fast approaching a crisis. The rebellion will assert itself before long, as all other uprisings have to do, before gaining recognition of belligerent rights; or Spain will triumph—in which latter case, common humanity will intervene to prevent the summary reprisals that have already been promised. In any case we can afford to let Cuba wait a little longer, until we have attended to urgent home needs.

It would be impossible to state the Monroe Doctrine up to date more forcibly than the President does, with reference to Venezuela. It was quite pertinent to remark on the "disparity in strength between Great Britain and Venezuela." That is likely in the end to be the turning point in the discussion. If Great Britain goes the whole length, Venezuela's last hope will be in annexation to the United States. Perhaps, by the way, this country and Venezuela could not employ in the meantime a more effective weapon than the public agitation in both countries in favor of making Venezuela—the real, rightful Venezuela—a State of the American Union. When Texas was in danger of losing her beautiful Rio Grande, she left Mexico altogether; now that Venezuela is about to lose the Orinoco, let her bring it along with her, and if it belongs to her, she will keep it, as a State of this and these United States. This very practical suggestion comes from the fertile brain of Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine, who has the place of honor, the first article in the *North American Review* for December. It is a good idea.

The gravity of this Venezuelan difficulty was pointed out to the country months ago by this paper. It predicted that a serious collision might come of it between the United States and Great Britain; and now this anticipated collision seems imminent. For just as we have begun to congratulate ourselves on the development of Administration backbone Lord Salisbury's long-delayed answer comes flashing over the Atlantic cables. The answer is a flat refusal to submit to arbitration any of the territory within the Schomburgk line. Laying aside details, the meaning of this is, that England is about to despoil Venezuela. Is this country in a position to prevent this act of injustice? Can we prove that it is an act of injustice? Does Venezuela want or ask for our assistance? England will not seize disputed territory, unless she has a strong case on the merits, if she finds that this country is in earnest. Leading public men and writers have abundant data to prove the correctness of Venezuela's claim. It is time for formal communications between Caracas and Washington, setting forth that Venezuela's interests in this case are those of the American Union and of all the other independent States. This country—fortunately, I think—is now committed, so that we cannot back down without shame. That boundary dispute must be arbitrated.

Whenever a noble deed is wrought,
Whenever is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.
The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our midst being rolls,
And lifts us unaware
Out of all meaner cares. —LONGFELLOW.

An announcement—apparently by authority—was sent from Albany on the 4th inst., denying the widely published statement that Governor Morton was about to issue some sort of manifesto about his candidacy for the Presidency. Before his nomination for the Governorship Mr. Morton did take the public into his confidence by announcing in a letter to the press that he held himself ready to accept a nomination for that office if tendered to him by the Republican convention. The letter was entirely in good taste—modest and dignified—and there seems no good reason now why he should not adopt the same course with regard to the high office of President of the United States.

The American people like frankness. It would be no immodesty on the part of the Governor to proclaim far and wide his candidacy—if, indeed, he is a candidate—and he would lose neither dignity nor prestige by taking such a step. Indeed, in these days of make-believe modesty, when half a dozen extremely hot candidates declare that they are not in the field at all, though all the while working heaven and earth to secure the nomination, the spectacle of an honest statesman frankly acknowledging his ambition to have his distinguished career crowned by the choice of a great party for the highest office in the gift of the people, would be both refreshing and commendable. It would argue great courage, honesty and faith in his fellow-citizens.

However, let that pass. Governor Morton is entitled to have his official denial published, and as this paper was the first to suggest his name for the Presidency, it feels bound to insert it herein as follows:

"Governor Morton has no intention of making any announcement concerning the Presidency. Some newspapers are trying to force him to speak and are making ridiculous assertions in consequence."

The paper in which this semi-official statement appeared was the *New York World*, a staunch Democratic journal of the independent stripe. The *World* added the following, of the truth of which there seems no good reason to doubt:

"They will get no announcement from me," the Governor is quoted as smilingly saying to a friend. "I am not thinking of the subject at all. It is much too early to consider any candidate whatever for 1896. Much will happen in the six months between now and the National Convention, and the atmosphere will clear wonderfully in the meantime. My friends are very good to talk about me, but I am really not thinking about myself at all."

Yes, the atmosphere will be much clearer six months hence, and perhaps the Governor is wise to wait for the further development of events.

There is music ever in the kindly soul
For every deed of goodness done is like
A chord set in the heart, and joy doth strike
Upon it oft as memory doth unroll
The immortal page whereon good deeds are writ.
—MACRELAR.

The *New York World* of Sunday, December 1, had interviews with four leading crooks confined in Sing Sing, on the question, substantially, How would these crooks run the Police Department of this city? That ought to be easy. If these gents had hold of that Department "they wouldn't do a thing to it."

When the world's account is summed up, we shall find that we owe more to Grief than we do to Joy, and that Sorrow has been the veiled angel of God come to teach us some of the deepest lessons which can ever be learnt by human students.—DR. PARKER.

The vacancy in the Supreme Court has been filled by the appointment of Hon. Rufus W. Peckham of New York. That is, the President has nominated him to succeed Hon. Howell E. Jackson of Tennessee; and it is now generally understood that the Senate will confirm. Judge Peckham is at present second in seniority of service on the bench of the New York Court of Appeals. He is still a vigorous man of fifty-seven years, and is universally esteemed for his great abilities and high personal character. New York is to have at last, for the first time in two years, a representative on the Federal Supreme Bench. It is fortunate that, after the delay, a choice in every respect so eminently satisfactory has been made.

Good words will do more than hard speeches; as the sunbeams, without any noise, made the traveler cast off his cloak, which all the blustering of the wind could not do, but made him bind it tighter.

The Capitol at Washington is the largest building in the New World; but when the people begin to take sufficient interest in public affairs—and money enough to travel—the crush at the Capitol will be so great at every opening of Congress that a larger building will be required. Why not erect an inclosed National Amphitheatre on Capitol Hill with grand stands, and a Central Forum, wherein both Houses of Congress shall be organized in the presence of the assembled multitude; the imposing ceremonials of inauguration and swearing in to be succeeded by a solemn procession to the Capitol? This would be a timely concession to the spirit of Pure Democracy, and a practical reminder that when the Congress opens, it is not the people after

all who rule, but their chosen and responsible representatives. It would be easy, it seems to me, to keep the people off the grass.

It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good.—GEORGE ELIOT.

Is it not about time that the United States had begun to study her own affairs, occasionally, without the necessity of first beginning to talk about some other country? Even such a purely home business affair as the Treasury cannot be discussed in the President's Message without calling out remarks—quite pertinent remarks, too—from the London press. The difficulty seems to be, that we are always waiting on what the outside world will do or think; that we lack the initiative that will boldly take hold of our own business and do it in our own way. Because Spain oppresses Cuba, we are aroused; because England is crowding Venezuela, we brush up the Monroe Doctrine; because the rest of the world object, we are divided on the monetary question, one side favoring concordance, the other that we go it alone with a ratio of 16 to 1. Even the people never think that Cuba might be made ours by diplomatic scheming. Venezuela, with a little help from Yankee shrewdness, might be made a valuable ally in South America; but nobody ever thought about her at all, until England began to encroach. We might inaugurate a great financial scheme of irredeemable Government Funds, similar to those of France and England; but our currency is never studied until Europe questions it. Now, why should these things be? Does American genius lack initiative?

It is a credit to this country that the Chief Executive quietly asserts, in view of the Turkish horrors in Armenia, that it is a "right" all the Powers have "to enforce such conduct of Turkish government as will restrain fanatical brutality"; and if the Sultan fails to do this, it is the "duty" of the Powers to interfere. This clear, thoughtful and pertinent declaration is a positive relief, in the midst of the hair-splitting of Lord Salisbury, the English fear of Mohammedanism in India, the coquetting of Russia with the Monster of the Bosphorus, and all the other species of diplomacy and time-killing devices of the Powers that are hardly less brutal and heartless than the savagery of the Kurds against the helpless people whose very right to exist is thus being trifled with.

It is to be regretted that negotiations for the settlement of the great building strike in this city fell through on the 4th inst.; and though a satisfactory settlement is liable to come any day, the damage is very great to the public interest, to the employers, and, most important of all, to the cause of organized labor. The strike in general has a distinctly demoralizing tendency. Even when success seems to accrue, the workmen pay rather more dearly for it than there is any need of. All of these great organizations owe it to themselves to form themselves into labor corporations that will be able to stay at work and even contest wages and conditions of employment at the same time. What sense is there in dealing with capital as a crowd of men, who must spend money and lose wages in order to gain a point, when it would be just as easy to deal with employers as a great money corporation furnishing workmen and protecting them against low wages and oppressive conditions of employment?

There are natures in which, if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration; they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us; and our sins become that worst kind of sacrifice which tears down the invisible altar of trust. "If you are not good, none is good"—those little words may give a terrific meaning to responsibility, may hold a vitriolic intensity for remorse.—GEORGE ELIOT.

The latest from Turkey was that December 7 has been fixed as the date after which the Powers will bring their guardships before Constantinople, unless the Sultan gives assurances that are worth something. But he cannot do this. As Gladstone says in his latest letter, the Turk sees the handwriting on the wall.

The London *Standard* and other English papers have concluded that the Monroe Doctrine is a good thing, but does not apply to the Venezuela-Guiana boundary. On the contrary, nothing is too good for that boundary.

South Carolina has ratified her brand-new Constitution; and will now take her place along with the New Idea, the New Woman and the Novus Ordo Seclorum. The Palmetto State still refuses to recognize other States' divorces.

The Nicaragua Canal Commission announces that it has nothing to do with the question whether the Canal will be a paying investment for the Government; but that the work will cost about one hundred and thirty-five million dollars; that it is a decided possibility. In the meantime some of our friends in Nicaragua are getting up an agitation against the turning over of Canal concessions to this country. Why do not our English friends down there try to prevent this unfriendliness toward us? Are we not the two great branches, etc.?

There are those whose names will live
Not in the memories, but the hearts of men.
Because those hearts they comforted and raised;
And when they saw God's images cast down,
Lifted them up again, and blew the dust
From the worn feature and the disfigured limb.

It is not at all likely that Henry Watterson of the *Courier Journal* would talk for mere effect, and say that the national debt ought to be funded at a low rate of interest, so that the people could always find a safe place for their surplus earnings. As the first champion of the funding scheme, the WEEKLY bids welcome to so distinguished a co-worker as Mr. Watterson.

It is a case I do not like to handle in the columns of the WEEKLY, but the tremendous public interest involved leaves no choice in the matter. Lawyer's Clerk Langerman was convicted, before Recorder Goff and a jury, of lecherous assault, the alleged victim and complaining witness being one Barbara Aub. A few days after the verdict, the latter confessed that Langerman was innocent of the charge, whereupon she was held for perjury and Langerman was for the time exonerated. The case in itself is not of a rare type, unfortunately; and I must not handle it here for its own sake. As an instance of inefficient criminal procedure, however, it is worthy of most serious consideration. The very sacredness of even and exact justice itself is threatened.

The trial and conviction of Langerman were primarily possible owing to the temporary reversal of the time-honored maxim of the law, that the indictment of a man raises the presumption of his innocence. This is a maxim of the law, but, strangely true, the average human mind-heart raises the presumption of guilt—especially in such cases as this. The fact that the human mind is so constituted is the very reason why jurists in all ages have created the legal fiction that a man is innocent until proven guilty. Recorder Goff was greatly in error to lose sight of this maxim, as he did very decidedly during the trial by displaying unjudicial prejudice against the accused, and again after the trial when the prisoner's innocence was unexpectedly established. The Recorder clearly went beyond his duty in condemning the prisoner Langerman for other alleged offenses not legally before the court.

And very rightly has the Recorder been criticised severely for doing so. But it is just as unfair to denounce Recorder Goff in the style adopted by some of the daily papers as it was for the Recorder to denounce the unfortunate prisoner extra judicially. He has not proved himself unfit for the Bench; he has only proved himself too zealous in the cause of morality. His sin has been on the right side, and it would be well for the general administration of justice if other judges displayed some of his earnest desire to see substantial justice done. There can be no question of the Recorder's good motive through it all. It is to be feared that the law itself is being so smothered under the weight of mere formalities that a judge is occasionally forced to go outside of them to get justice.

The frightfully deliberate plan of the Kurds, is to murder the leading Armenians, so as to more easily enslave the rest.

Ambassador Bayard, addressing the London Locomotive Engineers Benevolent Society the other day, remarked that if the hand-workers could realize the feelings of the brain-workers toward them, it would make Great Britain stronger and better. As Mr. Bayard belongs to us anyhow, I will just take that remark and apply it here at home.

Governor O'Ferrall of Virginia proposes to discourage lynching with a law imposing a fine of two hundred dollars for each thousand of its population up to ten thousand for every lynching committed in a county or city, said fines to go to the free school fund.

Representative Livingston of Georgia wants to fight over Venezuela. But as this is a game of bluff and skill and—er—sharp practice, I am sure the Georgian will stay in a little while, before ordering the coffee and pistols. There is such a thing as calling a bluff even—or rather especially—in this game of British diplomacy. This country has not begun to exhaust her stock of expedients. But it will be necessary to use a few of them soon, or we may have to fight.

A study of the ideal in its relation to daily life will show that this creative power—the divinest gift bestowed on humanity—is envied by corresponding

responsibilities, and is allied to all the other qualities that lift mankind above the brute creation. It will teach us that it should be employed to reveal the better part of our nature, and used only to elevate and refine our fellowmen.—E. J. GIBBONS.

Louisville bankers offered seven hundred thousand dollars in gold—light weight—an condition that the depositors received New York credit in exchange for it. The intimacy of the Administration and New York banks is a foregone conclusion in the Blue Grass Region.

When the Milwaukee and Chicago brewers raised beer to five dollars a barrel the other day it was some twenty-five million barrels a year that was placed on draught.

The Burgesses Corps, a part of the National Guard of the State of New York, recently held a meeting at Albany and wished Godspeed to the Cuban insurgents. As the Burgesses are a part of the armed force of the United States and subject to the call of the President as Commander-in-Chief, the question has arisen whether they are not liable to be severely disciplined for "expressing an opinion." It takes all kinds of knowledge to keep out of mischief in these piping times of peace.

Senator Squire of the State of Washington has introduced a bill appropriating eighty-seven million dollars for the fortification of New York, San Francisco, Boston, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Portland, Me., Key West, Galveston, Portland, Ore., Pensacola, Wilmington, N. C., San Diego, New Bedford, Portsmouth, N. H., New Haven, and the ports on Puget Sound and the Great Lakes. The expenditure is to be distributed over eleven years.

Chicago's finances are to be examined by the Illinois Legislature, with a view to their improvement. I suggested in these columns some time ago that the many corporations receiving extra protection from the Chicago police and fire departments ought to be allowed to divert some of their State taxes into the city treasury that has to foot the bills. Comptroller Fitch of this city suggests that the Second City might collect more money than it does from the street railway companies, if the Legislature gave the city authority to control the franchises and auction them off to the highest bidder as is done in this city. New York gets more money out of these surface roads than any other city in the country; but Comptroller Fitch thinks that under an improved system and an enlarged authority, a much greater revenue could be rightfully derived. Chicago, in her straitened circumstances, is on the eve of a war with the street railroads. The Legislature ought to strengthen her hands.

Appropriation bills for Government buildings amounting to nine million dollars have been introduced into Congress so far; among them is one of one million five hundred thousand dollars for the new building at St. Paul. The Federal Government ought to be well housed throughout the country; but if all the cities speak at once, all of them will certainly not get all they ask.

Watered milk, skimmed milk and adulterated milk are now formally excluded from the markets of this city by order of the Board of Health. The definitions of these different classes of milk-frauds are so scientific that no guilty milkman can possibly escape.

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THERE seems to be a misapprehension on the part of Five-Dollar Subscribers to the WEEKLY. Such subscribers are entitled to receive COLLIER'S WEEKLY and a choice of any set of premium books, such as Balzac's "Human Comedy," "Life of Napoleon the Great," "Capitals of the Globe," "Milton's Paradise Lost," or "Dante's Inferno." Only subscribers who pay \$6.50 can receive our fortnightly novels, as well as the WEEKLY and premium set.

The second volume of "Old Mr. Tredgold" goes out with the present number to all full subscribers for the WEEKLY and Library. In its development this charming story by Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant will be found to grow more and more interesting. The characters of the two sisters are brought out very strongly, and the reader finds himself admiring even the weaknesses of Katharine Tredgold, who is so faithful to Stella and yet true to herself and her curiously constituted parent. There are many Stellas and Katharines in this world, but it remained for Mrs. Oliphant to introduce them so graphically to the public in one of her fictions. A perusal of this second volume of "Old Mr. Tredgold" cannot fail to whet the reader's appetite for the closing volume which will unfold the denouement, whatever it may be. Any new subscribers desiring to obtain the first and second volumes can do so by applying at once at this office or by mail.



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SOME OF THE DELEGATES TO THE CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

(See page 7.)

WAR AND PEACE.

His face grew pale with the passion
His old scar faded, begot,
And we traced on his cheek the scars
Of the scar where he was shot.
While the white of his hair gleamed strangely,
As his hot youth spoke again,
And we felt in our veins the glory
Of war that is waged by men.

Of deeds that were done by heroes,
Of death that came whizzing by,
Of the charge and the clash and the cutting
Of faces that were eye to eye—
All these in his words he painted,
All these we could see that night,
As we sat by an open fire,
And he told us of fight on fight.

No ears for the pattering footsteps
Of a baby boy had we,
Till a white-robed figure, painting
Good "Grandpa, look at me!"
I couldn't sleep in my cradle,
And then there came a pause—
"I wanted to tell 'oo sumpin'
To write to Santa Claus."

The old gray head was bending
Above the baby's form,
The old sword-arm wound gently,
To keep the wee boy warm.
"I wish 'oo'd tell old Santy
To bring me, when he comes,
A sabre and sash and helmet,
Two trumpets and three drums."

"And, Grandpa, if he's got 'em,
I'd have the mostest him
On Christmas mornin' shootin'
A cannon and a gun!"
The old man's eyes grew heavy
With phantom pictures then—
He saw the boy in manhood
Shot down and dying men;

He saw the stricken figures,
The ghastly fruit of strife,
He heard the groans that echo
When Death makes war on Life,
Above the child he bendeth,
His voice is heard again:
For peace on earth be prayeth,
For "Peace, good-will to men!"

—EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.

MR. JUDD'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

MR. NATHANIEL JUDD sat before his glowing grate in his snug library on Christmas Eve. The rosy coals radiated a comfortable and soothing heat to where Mr. Judd sat; and the handsome, shaded lamp near by diffused a soft glow that seemed to breathe a mild defiance to the storm, which raged sullenly outside and dashed its forces against the double windows as if angry that it was denied admittance to the cozy room. Mr. Judd, in his quilted dressing-gown, and with a choice cigar between his teeth, twisted and curled himself in the soft depths of comfort of his easy-chair, as a man does who feels extremely and inexpressibly happy, particularly in a physical sense, but whose actions indicate anything but a non-irritable condition.

"Danced snug in here!" murmured Mr. Judd. "Rather be in here than out there. There are some poor devils out in the cold, I suppose. Sure to be. Poor devils! The world must have its poor devils, I presume."

Mr. Judd was aroused from the semi-torpor into which he subsequently fell by the consciousness of the presence of a second person in the room. He felt this presence suddenly and instinctively by the chilling of his blood and the quick beating of his heart. He was almost afraid to turn his head to either side at first; but he shook the fear off, and looked round.

"Confound it!" he muttered, as he stared about, and saw nothing. "I must be drunk! It's that port, or too much red beef at dinner. I did eat a lot of it, I was so hungry after the cold night air. I'll turn up that lamp a bit and finish my novel."

Mr. Judd, however, did not turn up the lamp's wick, nor did he get his novel. For directly between his seat and the long-waisted lamp he saw a shadow—something that slowly grew upon his vision; something that made him breathe irregularly and stare and grasp the leathern arms of his seat. What was it? A ghost, no doubt, though Mr. Judd did not believe in ghosts. But it was a symmetrical ghost, with much promise of being ultimately substantial. Harder Mr. Judd stared, and slowly the shadow rounded into human form; rounded and deepened and grew, until there before him, with the face of an angel, stood—Mrs. Judd!

Now, Mrs. Judd had been dead five years. There was no doubt about Mrs. Judd being dead. She had had five doctors; and before she died each one of them had, quite conscientiously, pronounced her case serious. Hitherto had been a sweet and lovable nature. A woman with a beautiful and good face, a nature generous to a fault, and blind to a great many faults in others. She had been in this respect the direct antithesis of Mr. Judd; and the result had been perpetual dissatisfaction on the part of Mr. Judd, and on Mrs. Judd's a sweet forbearance that had proved very irritating to her husband, though she did not know it. When Mrs. Judd died, everybody went into mourning; that is, the mourning of sad hearts and real tears, which are of far more consequence than conventional black, cut in the latest and most ridiculous fashions. The two boys she left behind seemed broken-hearted, and even Mr. Judd was sorry—for a while. But he got over it, and packed the lads off to college, and then plunged into business with great zeal.

And now, here was Mrs. Judd come again—Mrs. Judd seemingly in the flesh, yet spiritualized; an angel, Mr. Judd could see at a glance. He had always said she would be that. Such people always were, on earth and in heaven. However, here she was; and she came forward and touched the shrinking form of Mr. J.

"Well, Nathaniel," she said, softly; and Nathaniel

started as he recognized the sweet voice of his late wife.

"And are you sorry to see me?"

"Wh-what, Jessie? S-sorry to s-see you?" gasped Mr. Judd, his teeth chattering. "N-no, cer-certainly not. S-so glad to s-see you."

"You look pleased," said the spirit of Mrs. Judd. "And now, Nathaniel, what are your good intentions this Christmas?"

"Eh?"

"I mean what good things, charitable things, are you going to do? How many of the poor and sick and lonely are you going to hold out a kind hand to?"

Mr. Judd stared, and then sighed. Just the same Mrs. Judd as ever! She hadn't changed a bit. Worse, if anything. Presently, he said to himself with a shudder, she would ask him for a check for some infernal—no, not infernal, celestial—charitable institution. But he could sit her out. She would have to vanish when the clock struck twelve, according to one theory about ghosts; or, at any rate, by daylight. Daylight, however, was so far off in these days of long nights. But she must go at length. He was not to be intimidated. Why, it was rank robbery! The idea of an angel coming down to the low depths of common extortion! "No wonder," said Mr. Judd, grimly, to himself, "that some of the people I know sing, 'I want to be an angel! Great business openings for some of them!'"

"I'm afraid you haven't thought of what you might do," said Mrs. Judd, reproachfully. And as she stood there in her pure white robe, with her golden hair flowing over her shoulders, and the rosy soft light of the lamp and fire falling upon her face and figure with the tender touch of mellow moonlight, Mr. Judd thought how pretty she was. Pretty! No, that was not the word. She was more than that; she was heavenly. She was, indeed. Then Mr. Judd thought of another woman, quite a different style of woman—Polly Martin. By Jove! he wouldn't like his wife—that is, his wife's ghost—to know anything about Polly. Not that he cared—not he. But Polly as a subject might grate on an angel's ears and nerves. After all, she might know. This idea startled Mr. Judd, and he glanced furtively at Mrs. Judd to see if she had been reading his thoughts. Angels were supposed to be mind-readers; more than that, soul-readers. But Mrs. Judd's big blue eyes were fixed sadly upon the glowing coals.

"Ah, Nathaniel!" she said at last, turning her eyes upon him, "I see you haven't even thought of what you might do—you with all your money and opportunities! Really, haven't you thought about it at all?"

"No!" Mr. Judd almost pouted.

"And the boys—where are they?"

"At school, where they ought to be!" snarled Mr. Judd. "Two years ago I had 'em home, and they knocked about so and spoiled so much furniture, and kicked up such a row, and eat so much, that I registered a vow never to bring them home again at this time of the year."

"I know!" sighed Mrs. Judd. "I registered the vow myself."

"Eh?" ejaculated Mr. Judd. "Oh, well, I was perfectly justified. This Christmas business is a proper swindle and sham, anyway."

"And what are you going to do yourself, Nathaniel?"

"Me?" The abrupt question almost took Mr. Judd off his guard. He had almost been drawn into revealing an engagement with Miss Polly Martin. "Oh, I shall probably dine here; have a small roast and a pudding. Jane makes capital puddings! You remember Jane? She's here still. And then I suppose I will have some wine and cigars in solitary comfort. Nothing like being alone when you want to enjoy yourself!" Mr. Judd almost felt his face flush under the lie.

"And have you sent the boys anything?" queried Mrs. Judd. Her voice was almost melancholy.

"No! Let 'em eat their school dinner. Capital grub there!"

Mrs. Judd said nothing in reply to this. She stood looking in the fire for a few moments, and then stepped back a yard or so, until she stood behind Mr. Judd's chair. Mr. Judd felt irritated, but he also became conscious of the fact that he could not move. He seemed under a spell. The white figure behind him stretched her arms in a gentle, undulating motion above Mr. Judd's bald head. Mr. Judd's bald head sank until that gentleman's chin rested upon his breast and his glance fell to a level with the coals. He felt drowsy, and yet with every mental faculty alert.

"Hang it all!" he muttered. "I have been drinking! Or perhaps it's the heat. I'll ring for Jane!"

Mrs. Judd waved her fair hand toward the grate. Mr. Judd, mentally conscious but physically incapable, saw a soft, white and almost transparent cloud rise above the coals. Again Mrs. Judd waved her fingers, and a scene appeared in the cloud.

Mr. Judd saw an attic. He had never seen an attic in real life, but he knew instinctively this was an attic. An attic to his mind had always been connected with poverty, so he knew this to be one.

It was a miserable place. There was no bright grate fire; indeed, no fire at all. There was a small stove, about as big as Mr. Judd's tall hat, in one corner, but the fire had gone out. So, thought Mr. Judd, had all the other attributes of comfort. There was scarcely any furniture, and the room was bitterly cold. Mr. Judd almost felt the cold of it himself, and instinctively leaned forward in his chair toward his grate, and in doing so got a better view of the attic.

There were some very thin and pale-faced children there, too. Mr. Judd shuddered as he saw their wistful, spare faces. And on a couch of some sort lay their mother, a miserable creature with tangled hair, and evidently in a fever. For she cried out, and Mr. Judd thought he heard her curse the day she had been married.

Then he saw the children and mother start, and listen attentively. There was a sound outside the attic door. Mr. Judd heard it himself, and leaned nearer to the grate, pricking his ears. Then the door burst open, and a man, a drunken, sodden-faced and soiled wretch, fell into the room, cursing. The woman on the ragged bed answered with a curse; and ere the door closed Mr. Judd heard the sound of the bells ring in Christmas morning! And he saw that the sobbing children heard, too.

The attic vanished, and Mr. Judd breathed hard.

Then the white angel at his back motioned to the grate again, and a second scene grew in the cloud.

It showed an office this time. Mr. Judd stared almost incredulously, for he recognized the office. One of his own, unless he was very much mistaken! There was a man at a desk—a gray-headed man with a prematurely old face—who stared upon the page of the ledger before him, and then on a sudden folded his arms on it and laid his forehead upon the mean pillow of his sleeves.

By all that was marvelous, thought Judd, it was Gaunt, his under-bookkeeper! The fellow seemed to be praying. What the deuce had he to pray for? He drew his salary of forty-five dollars a month regularly. These clerks were far better off, with the knowledge of their salaries being regularly paid, than their employers. However, despite his official blessings, Gaunt was praying; and despite his disbelief of prayers generally, Mr. Judd listened. Certainly, he would like to know what his clerk had to say.

"Dear Christ," said Gaunt, "it is not for myself I ask Thy blessing and Thy bounty, but for the sake of those dear ones at home! For her, my dear wife, who has kept a brave face and a braver heart through all our trouble and all our need! Whose smile has shone through my darkest clouds, and whose voice, tender as it is, I have heard above the insidious voice of despair when my courage has almost failed me! Not for me, my God in heaven, but for her!—for her, and for those little ones of ours, who only know the childish privilege of hoping to share the blessings Thy birthday brings to those more fortunate! Oh! not for me, but for those whom I love so much, make to-morrow bright and fair and happy. Amen."

Mr. Judd's eyes fell, strangely moist. No doubt Gaunt was crying, the prayer had sounded so sincere. Mr. Judd raised his glance again to see; but Gaunt was gone, and the scene was changed.

There was a tall gray building now before him. Mr. Judd knew it—the school where his boys were. There was the campus, but quite deserted. The walls of the school were evidently transparent, like the cloud; for Mr. Judd saw into the school. He saw the empty rooms, the empty halls. The entire place seemed dedicated to gloom.

Then the sound of feet caught Mr. Judd's ear—a sound that echoed strangely down the bare halls, and jared upon Mr. Judd. And now he saw two lads wandering aimlessly down one of the corridors. They came nearer, and grew more distinct. He saw their faces—faces gloomy and almost unboyish. But he knew them. They were his boys. He had not seen them for a long time, and they had grown, these boys; but he had not forgotten. Mr. Judd's heart was strangely stirred. Ah! they were his sons, his own, and he loved them still! He followed them with eager gaze as they came down to the courtyard, and said good-by to the last of their homeward-bound comrades. He watched them with straining gaze as they waved their hands after the retreating carriage, and he heard their faint and almost heartless cheer of farewell and the sound of the wheels as they died away in the street. He followed them as they turned with slow steps into the gray school again, and were lost to his view as the scene flickered and paled and vanished.

The fire in his grate seemed to be growing dim, Mr. Judd thought. But the silent figure he could not see once more waved a hand to the coals, and once more the curtain rose.

There was a broad, bright street this time. Mr. Judd recognized it. He walked it every day of his life. It was Christmas Eve without a doubt on this street. There were a great many people there—people whom Mr. Judd knew. They looked so real that he was almost inclined to cry out to them. How happy they looked, some of them in their furs, with their merry faces and red cheeks! No poverty here, thank Heaven! Every man seemed to be wishing his neighbor a merry Christmas with the certainty of his wish being fulfilled. And how gay the windows were! How merrily the bells sound on the horses' backs! Why, he would have gone down himself if he had thought the city would be as jolly as this! Nobody seemed to mind the storm. It was nothing!

Suddenly Mr. Judd's eyes widened. What was this? Here were people walking about the street who had no right to be there; no right by the law of common sense, no right by the law of men's belief. Why, they were mere spectres! Pale, miserable beings, most of them, who stared at the splendid windows and the well-dressed crowd, with envious eyes, Mr. Judd thought. And their clothing was so mean he could almost see through it! And here came reeling down the street the man he had seen in the attic! If he did not take care, he would fall into the hands of a policeman; but perhaps some blue-coat with more regard for human kindness than the strict letter of his duty, who would take him home, as was very often done in the case of individuals more blessed in life—as had been done in his own case, Mr. Judd remembered.

Then here came Gaunt, his under-bookkeeper, slouching homeward with a parcel under his arm. Gaunt had got through the work he had been ordered to do before closing up till Tuesday, in good time, Mr. Judd thought. Gaunt held his head rather high, too, and his face seemed brighter, though he did not bother about the shop-windows, and seemed very eager about reaching his destination.

And following Gaunt, with a slower and easier step, who came next, wrapped in his elegant fur-lined coat, the usual choice cigar in his mouth, his head higher even than Gaunt's? Mr. Judd stared and gasped. By all that was wonderful—himself!

His other self, however, while nodding cheerily to his well-to-do acquaintances, seemed wholly unaware of those strange and miserable-looking people, those spectres, who mingled with the throng. For he elbowed them to left and right, off the sidewalk even, as if he did not see them; or, if he did, as if he had no thought or regard for their rights as human beings. Whoever this impostor was, masquerading as Nathaniel Judd, Esquire, he must be told that this was not the way Nathaniel Judd himself would act! It was an insult! The blood stirred hotly in Mr. Judd's veins, and he put his hand to his throat as if he would strangle. He tried to cry out, but his voice failed him.

Then with one supreme effort he sprang to his feet, and found himself—awake!

He was quite alone. The angel, or whatever it was, of Mrs. Judd had gone. The room seemed chilly; and no wonder, for the fire was out, save one or two coals that glowed dimly through the ashes. Mr. Judd shook himself and walked to the window.

The storm had passed, and the stars had come out. How brilliant they were, and how steady, as they seemed to look straight at him! And then Mr. Judd heard the clock in the hall strike twelve, and a moment later the bells rang clear and sweet to his ears the Christmas morning!

Mr. Judd stirred himself from the reverie into which he had fallen, and walked to the grate. He stirred the remnant of the fire, and sat down in the big chair.

"And am I really so selfish?" he muttered to himself. "Well, well! We will talk that over another time. Let me see. If I go down town now, I can have those boys here by noon to-morrow. We must have some sort of a dinner for them, to be sure! And there's that brother of mine, poor devil! Wouldn't be a bad idea to have him and his wife in. They can't have much, that's a fact. And I wonder how it would do to have Gaunt up? Seems a queer idea, having one's bookkeeper to dinner! But I'd like to ask him if he really did pray like that in the office! I wonder how much of a family he has? He never told me. He might have! And—those attic people—Oh, I am out of my head with this dream! Why, I suppose there are thousands of attics—like that! Well, we can see about that to-morrow. I must get Jane to work. I suppose she has gone to bed. I will rouse her out! She will be tickled to death, poor old thing, about the boys coming home. And now, Nathaniel Judd, to send that message! I can telephone, to be sure; but I would like to be certain about it. Besides, the walk will do me good. I feel as if I wanted it."

Then Mr. Judd roused his astonished housekeeper; and after that, he pulled on his greatcoat and went out into the shining night, with his heart more merry and light, and his step more buoyant, than either had been for a long time. And as he passed down the street, with the snow crackling beneath his tread, he looked up at the great stars, and unconsciously his lips breathed a prayer.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FILS.

THIS distinguished French playwright and novelist, who died at his residence at Marly-le-Roi, France, on the 27th ult., mingled in his veins French, Irish and Negro blood. His father, the first great *littérateur* of the name, was the son of General Dumas, a distinguished officer under Bonaparte, who was the son of the Marquis Davy de la Pailleterie by a beautiful Havtian negress named Dumas. The mother of Dumas, fils, as he was called, is said to have been either a seamstress or a washerwoman; but of one fact there is no doubt—namely, that she was a beautiful Irish girl, and devoted to her duties as a mother. Her son alludes to her thus in one of his books:

"My mother was a good, courageous woman, who worked to rear me; my father, a Government employee, with a salary of twelve hundred francs a year (two hundred and forty dollars), having his mother to support. By a lucky chance it so happened that my father, though impulsive, was kind-hearted. When, after his first successes as a dramatist, he thought he could rely upon the future, he recognized me and gave me his name. That was much; the law did not force him to do so, and I have been so grateful that I have borne that name as well as I could. Yet it appeared that his name was not enough in the eyes of the children whose position was perfectly regular before the law, and in the midst of whom I was placed very early in a great boarding-school kept by one of the best of men, M. Prosper Goubaux. These children insulted me from morning to night, delighted, probably, to abuse in me the celebrated name of my father because my mother had the misfortune not to bear it. There was not a day that I did not have a fight with one or another of my comrades, and sometimes with several together, for their cowardice was not solely moral. Those who were not thus said nothing and looked on. My suffering, which I have described in *L'Affaire Clemenceau*, and of which I never spoke to my mother so as not to distress her, lasted five or six years."

The curious *mélange* of races, of which Dumas, fils, was the result, worked no deterioration mentally or physically. The son was fully equal to the father, if indeed he was not the intellectual superior of the author of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*. The latter's sole ambition seems to have been to amuse, while the former strove to instruct as well as to amuse. In a clever review of his career I find this summary, which, though perhaps not quite just, is yet worthy of reproduction here:

"Alexandre Dumas, fils, was, above all, an analyzer, in observation, if not in expression; he studied from without, inward, but when he came to give literary form to his ideas the action was reversed; reality then became the medium and not the end; the end was dramatic and artistic effect. He applied himself to the study of society, and sought by verisimilitude and artistic delineation to make good the deficiency of actual and practical fact. His works treat mostly of the relation between vice and morals, but always viewed from his position in that peculiar phase of society, *le demi-monde*. From his point of view he was supreme; when he tried to regard humanity from another, as he did in some of his last plays, he signally failed. From his viewpoint, then, he saw that behind the complete abandonment to vice which characterizes that certain phase of Parisian life the human heart was still beating its natural throbs, smarting under all the misery to which vice is father. He saw that vice was often the natural and necessary consequent of the narrow and bigoted morals of society, and he made those truths heard."

The greatness of his son seems not to have been foreseen by Dumas, père, until the appearance of *La Dame aux Camélias*, but later on it was abundantly recognized. Here is what he said of his son when twenty-one years of age:

"What shall I tell you of my son? He has come into the world at that melancholy hour when it is no longer day and is not yet night; so the assemblage of antitheses which forms his strange personality is one composed of light and shade. He is idle, he is active; he is a gourmand, and he is sober; he is prodigal, and he is economical; he is mistrustful, and he is credulous; he is *blasé* and innocent; thoughtless and devoted; he has a cold tongue and a prompt hand; he mocks me with all his wit and loves me with all his heart. Finally, he is always ready to steal my cashbox like Valère, or to fight for me like the Cid."

"Moreover, possessing a *verve* the maddest, the most attractive and the most steadfast that I have ever seen sparkle on the lips of a young man of one-and-twenty, and which, like a flame poorly shut down, breaks out incessantly, in revelry as in agitation, in calm as in danger, in smiles as in tears. From time to time we fall out, and, like the prodigal son, he takes his inheritance and quits the paternal mansion; then I straightway buy a calf and fatten it, quite certain that before a month he will return to eat his share of it. It is true that evil tongues affirm that it is for the calf he returns and not for me; but I understand all about that."

The circumstances of his illegitimate birth and early associations were plainly traceable in the writings of Dumas, fils. Like most boys, whose illegitimacy became known, he suffered insults and mortifications at the hands of the baser-minded youth with whom he came in contact. But he suffered them with noble fortitude and lived to resent some of them in a most telling manner. When he became famous one of his persecutors meeting him one day had the audacity to offer his hand, which Dumas declined, remarking: "My excellent friend, I am now taller than you by a head; if you ever speak to me again I will break your back."

Mons. Dumas' principal works were *La Dame aux Camélias*, *Cesarine*, *Docteur Servans*, *Le Roman d'une Femme*, *L'Affaire Clemenceau*, *La Dame aux Perles*, *La Question d'Argent*, *Le Père Prodigal*, *Francillon*, and *La Question Du Divorce*.

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

THE annual convention of the American Federation of Labor will be held in New York City, from the 9th to the 15th of this month, in the hall of the Madison Square Garden. Over one hundred and fifty delegates, representing directly half a million workmen and women, will take part in the convention.

A number of important questions relating to the present and future conditions of labor will also be acted upon by the convention. One of the principal of these will be an effort to limit the power of Courts of Equity. The issuance of injunctions by Supreme Court Judges restraining the actions of workmen is considered a menace to labor and a serious grievance. It is probable that at the convention a bill will be drafted to be laid before Congress in reference to this matter.

Another important feature to be discussed at the convention is the advisability of making a demand for the general adoption of the eight-hour workday on May 6, 1896. The question was discussed at the last convention, which was held last year in Denver. Mr. Gompers' recommendations on the subject were then endorsed by a committee appointed to take charge of the matter. If the convention decides to adopt a more conservative course certain trades will be selected to make the demand and they will have the support of all the others in securing the eight-hour day.

The measure of protection afforded the labels used by the various unions to designate the products of their members, such as the "blue label" of the Cigarmakers' Union, and the label of the United Garment Workers, which is used on union-made clothing, has long been considered insufficient. During the coming convention some legislation tending to better protect the label, by fixing penalties for counterfeiting it, will be proposed. A proposal will also be made for the adoption of a general label by all unions in place of the individual labels now used.

The success which has attended the introduction of beneficial features in connection with some of the trades-unions has been so marked that the advisability of a doing them to all the unions will also be considered.

Another question of importance to be decided at the coming convention is whether organizations can be affiliated with both the American Federation of Labor and the Knights of Labor. The Brewers' National Union has been refused assistance during the past year by the Executive Board of the Federation owing to its connection with the Knights of Labor, and the matter will have to be disposed of by the convention. It is expected that resolutions will be adopted requesting all organizations having a dual affiliation to withdraw from either one or other of the two great federated bodies.

The American Federation of Labor, as representing the pure and simple trades-union movement of the country, may be taken as a fair criterion, according to its success or failure, of the attitude of organized labor on the social question. Studied from this viewpoint, the growth and destiny of this great body of workers becomes an intensely interesting one.

The Federation, as is well understood, represents the conservative element of the wage-earning class, and as a proof of this it is seen that while it has established friendly and reciprocal relations with the employing class as a general thing, the Socialists fight it tooth and nail, and believe it to be the worst foe with which they have to combat.

Mr. Gompers was first elected president of the American Federation of Labor at the Cleveland Convention, held in 1882, having been continuously re-elected to that office up till last year, when he was succeeded by John McBride of the United Mine Workers. The exact attitude of Mr. Gompers on the labor question, as defined by himself, is that the trades-union movement must be in accord with what it calls itself—viz., pure and simple trades-unionism. The movement must not be diverted from its direct purpose into other channels, or made a means of advancing other interests than its own, notably those of a political character. It must grow

in influence, reforms and numbers in proportion to the intelligence and perseverance of its membership.

Mr. McBride, who is a candidate for re-election, was elected after his gallant contest in the great miners' strike. He is a thorough organizer and a leader universally respected by the great employers as well as by the labor organizations. He is a close student of economic science and of the facts and statistics of the labor situation in this country. Whether he is re-elected, or whether Mr. Gompers is to be called back by the Federation to his old position, certain it is that the interests of the order will be in the hands of a capable Executive. Both of them have earned the honor. Under either the growth of the order along safe lines and in the esteem of the American people is assured.

One of the pleasant features of the coming convention will be a grand banquet, tendered to the delegates by their New York fellow-unionists. It will be served in the Madison Square Garden and many distinguished guests will be invited, including some of New York's most prominent citizens. (See page 5.)

THINGS TO THINK OF.

AN ordinary piano contains a mile of wire string. There are four thousand five hundred species of bees. The tiger suffers from a curious parasite. The hairy part of its feet contains a parasite scarcely visible to the naked eye, yet each little insect is a perfect counterpart of the tiger—head, ears, jaws, legs, claws, body, tail, all are there.

Tall persons enjoy greater longevity than small ones. Young snails come from their eggs with a shell upon their backs.

In the last two hundred years France has spent nine hundred and ninety-three million pounds in war.

Even Belgium spends every year forty-six million francs on her army.

In less than three hundred years Great Britain alone has spent one billion three hundred and fifty-nine million pounds in war.

The French army costs every year six hundred and seventy-five million francs; the navy, two hundred and nine million francs.

The peace footing in the Russian army calls for the services of one hundred and seventy thousand horses.

The army of Bolivia costs the people of that impoverished country three hundred and sixty thousand pounds a year.

Italy spends every year fourteen million lire (two million eight hundred thousand dollars) on her army and navy.

At Waterloo there were one hundred and forty-five thousand men on both sides, of whom fifty-one thousand were killed or disabled.

The estimated cost to both sides of our own great Civil War was six billion five hundred million dollars.

A thousand years hence all the stone buildings now standing in Europe will have crumbled to dust. So perishable is the material of which they are constructed that the process of decay is already evident in many famous buildings. Neither marble nor brown stone can withstand the action of the elements.

The population of the earth doubles itself in two hundred and sixty years.

A single nerve, the pneumogastric, supplies the heart, lungs, stomach and bowels.

A certain sign of death is when the temperature of the body in the armpits is sixty-eight degrees.

The huge guns of modern navies can only be fired about seventy-five times, when they are worn out.

The making of lucifer matches is a State monopoly in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Roumania and Servia.

The muscle of the calf of the leg has been found, when removed from a dead body, to be capable of sustaining a weight equal to seven times the weight of the entire body.

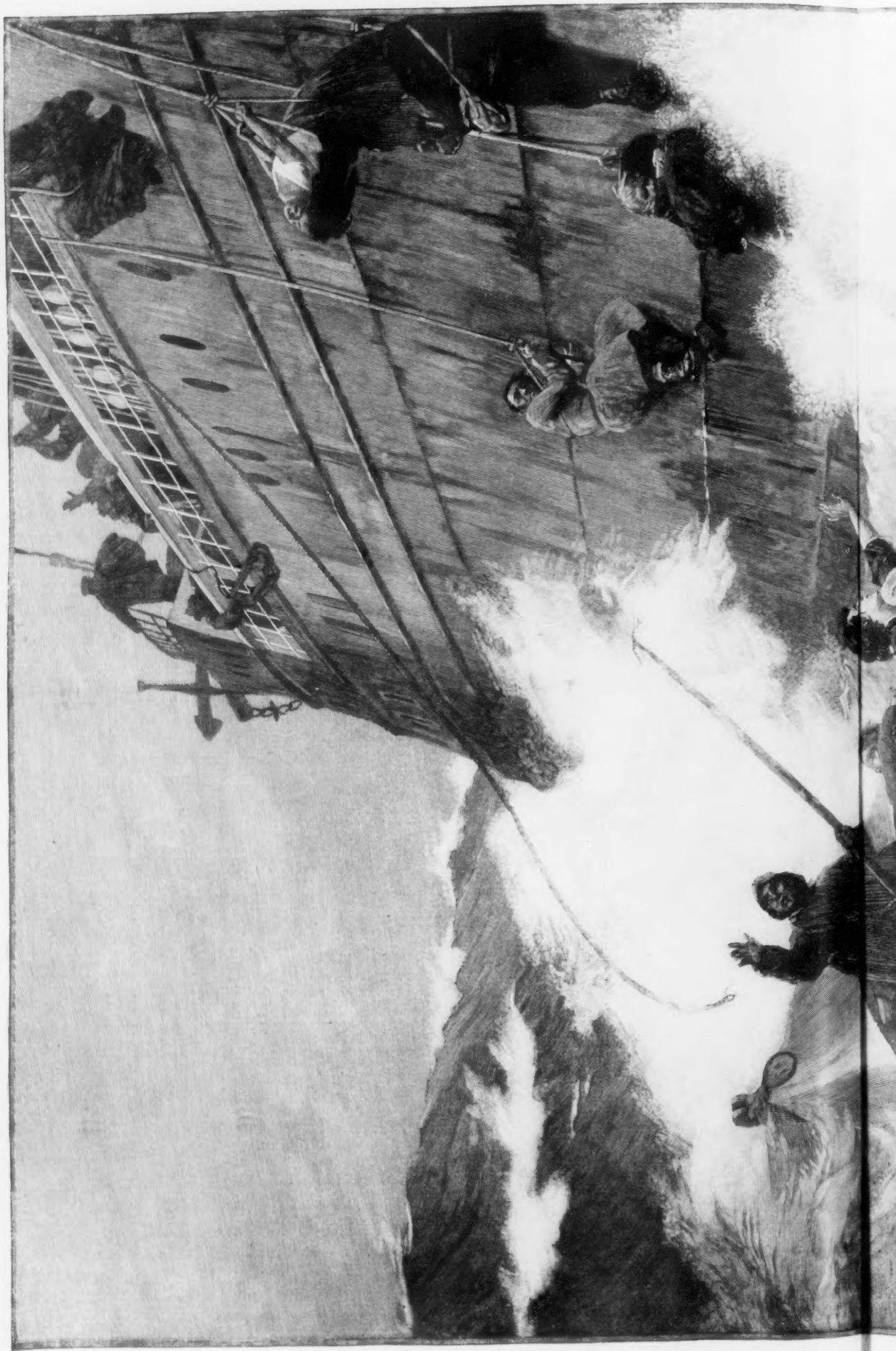
A bit of borax, the size of a small pea, allowed to dissolve in the mouth, will remove hoarseness for a considerable time, and is very useful for those who have to sing or speak in public.

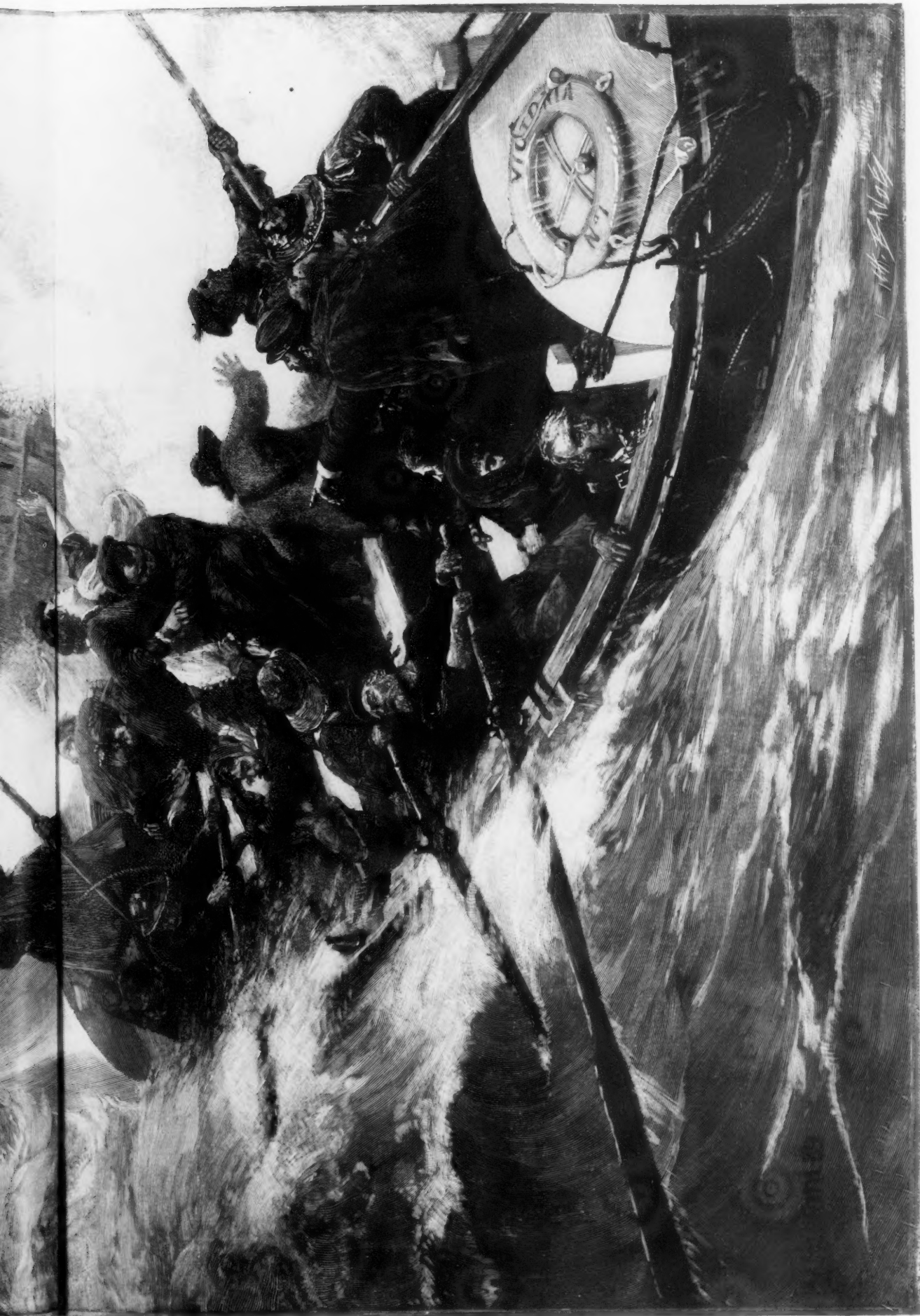
LITERARY NOVELTIES.

"THE MANHATTANERS" is the title of a novel just published by Messrs. Lovell, Coryell & Co. of this city. The author is our young American poet and novelist, Mr. Edward S. Van Zile, from whose pen several other admirable novels have come within the last ten years. It is not too much to assert that "The Manhattaners" is one of the most original and entertaining novels issued from the press in many years. The style is easy and graceful, the characters are well drawn, and the denouement is one of those surprises that show the skill of an accomplished student of French fiction. As the title indicates, the scene is laid in New York City, and the reader somehow derives the impression that the author is drawing the portraits of certain personages well known in metropolitan society. It is an erroneous impression, however, for all the characters are creations of the author, who may, nevertheless, have been unconsciously influenced by his knowledge of the inner circles of the New York *beau monde*.

A good story is being told of Mr. Du Maurier in connection with a collector of Trilbyana, who wrote to him for an autograph contribution to a volume which he is making up. The book was sent back to him, with a pleasant letter from the artist and a sketch, representing the creator of Trilby with angel's wings, a forked tail, his left hand in his pocket, and his right holding a cigarette, in the curling smoke of which might be read the following modest legend: "Some seem to think he's got wings like an angel—some, that he's got a cloven hoof and a forked tail! He is quite an ordinary little man, I assure you—un rien petit bourgeois—ni bon ni mauvais et très malheureux qu'on s'occupe tant de lui." I must cavil at one detail of Mr. Du Maurier's self-analysis. Whatsoever else he may be, he is certainly not *bourgeois*. Had he been, he could not have satirized the British *bourgeoisie* so skillfully.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Sassafras has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity for the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, soothes itching from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.





"THE DELIVERANCE."

FROM A DRAWING BY P. DURRANT.

THE PALACE OF KUBLEI KHAN.

BY S. MILLINGTON MILLER, M.D.

In "Purchas' Pilgrimage" the line occurs: "Here the Khan Kublei commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto, and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed."

"By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace,
Radiant palace—reared its head
In the monarch thought's dominion—
It stood there!
Never scrupled spread a pinion
Over fabric built so fair!"

"Banners yellow, golden, glorious,
On its roof did float and flow.
Thus—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago.
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts, plumed and pallid,
A winged odor went away."

This is Edgar Allen Poe's exquisite melody.

Biltmore is somewhat over six miles from Asheville along an excellent carriage road. Access to the grounds may be had in the shape of a pass from Mr. George Vanderbilt's resident manager.

The tract of land upon which the modern palace of Kublei Khan is built consists of nearly one hundred thousand acres (more than one hundred and eighty square miles), one portion of which touches the limits of the city of Asheville, from which point it stretches over mountain and valley so far that it will be possible for the owner to ride thirty-five miles, straight as the bee flies, from his chateau without leaving his own property.

The only larger private estate in America is that of Dr. Seward Webb at Ne-ha-sa-ne in the Adirondacks, which covers two hundred and fifty thousand acres of virgin forest, streams and lakes; which is surrounded by ninety miles of nine-foot wire fence, and which contains within its limit over fifty highland and lowland ponds and lakes. Dr. Webb preserves an immense number of trout, salmon, deer, bear, foxes and smaller feathered game within his surrounding palisade and corral of wire.

But *recreant a nos montons*, Mr. Vanderbilt began four years ago to construct his immense villa, and, although several hundred skilled workmen have been employed thereon constantly, it is not yet quite complete.

There is no particular matter of interest on the road to Biltmore, which winds through romantic defiles, crosses streams and plunges through fragrant groves of transplanted firs. After crossing the Swannanoa, one sees row upon row of trees in regular marshaled lines. These are Mr. Vanderbilt's private nurseries. They consist of from sixty to seventy acres of land, and have been laid out and developed under the artistic eye of Frederick Law Olmstead, the world-renowned landscape gardener. Originally intended solely as a source of supply for the requirements of Biltmore, Mr. Vanderbilt has turned his *arboretum*, as well as his truck garden and dairy farm into wholesale commercial establishments.

One million plants for the sides of the many woodland roads are turned out of these nurseries annually, and two million plants are now growing which will be used to replenish the denuded hillsides. The total number of plants raised in these nurseries up to date is not much short of five million. The propagating houses show great beds planted thick apparently with toothpicks—small slips of endless varieties of trees and plants.

Mr. Vanderbilt has photographs at Biltmore of all the celebrated *arboretums* in the world. His plant and tree nursery will exceed all the others in size and extent. When completed they will constitute an immense museum of living trees and shrubs, laid out in the form of a winding road twelve miles in length, traversing all kinds of soil. This "variety" of soil is

From the wild and tame(?) woods the traveler emerges upon immense clover meadows and rolling paddocks. The road is through these duck-strayed valley lands lead in all directions from the "Castle" and amount in all to some sixty miles in length.

The "Castle" is reached after three miles of this delightful wayfaring. It looks very much like a dream-fabric, standing out as it does from the hazy blues and greens of sky and mountain. The mansion itself fronts east, and is situated upon a level esplanade seven hundred by three hundred feet. This level space has been artificially made by cutting off the summit of a mountain and filling up the surrounding depressions. Its retaining wall of stone, sixteen feet in thickness at the base and rising in places to the height of forty feet, is the most remarkable feature of the esplanade. The retaining wall around this bowling green is surmounted at the south end of the house by a breast-high coping of dressed stone. This bowling green was originally intended for the famous twenty thousand-dollar tennis court, which has been so much bruited in the newspapers.

Outside of the esplanade and at the foot of its encircling wall are the great sheds for the stone-cutters and builders, and the tracks of the railroad which Mr. Vanderbilt constructed from Asheville.

The outside walls of the house are three hundred and seventy-five by one hundred and ninety-two feet. From the windows there are views of unsurpassing loveliness. The French Broad flows below and winds away in both directions. On either side the river lie luxurious green valleys, and in them the stream narrows into pebbly rapids or widens into placid fily-padded lagoons. Beyond the valley rises the sharp, symmetrical cone of Pisgah, and the line of summits following constantly from it ends in the six thousand feet of Balsam Mountains. Far away are the misty peaks of the Great Smoky Range. To the northeast extends the valley of the Swannanoa, all the way to the famous Black Mountain chain. To the right the valley is flanked with the high and graceful Swannanoa Mountains. In the far distance lies the Swannanoa Gap, through which the railroad enters the mountain defiles. Toward the south, where all is gentle, peaceful and in charming color, the mountains withdraw to a distance, leaving an open country dotted with farms, until far away the hazy curtain made by the indistinct forms of the Blue Ridge is drawn around the scene along the South Carolina border.

This is the very heart of the fabled abode of the primitive North Carolina "cracker" and "moonshiner"—the home-land of Mrs. Burton Harrison's heroine. It is unnecessary to state that game preserves will be plenty and that hundreds of deer will roam at will through forest and meadow.

The largest rooms in the house are the banquet hall, with ceiling sixty-five feet high; a salon as large as an ordinary church, and a library which is even larger. The library overlooks the bowling green, and is therefore at the south end of the house. The fireplace in the library is so constructed that a stairway (leading from the guest chambers above) is built down the middle of the chimney to what is under ordinary circumstances the mantelpiece. In this instance it is a railed landing, and steps lead down to the floor from it on either side.

I should have premised that the house is modeled after the style of the French Renaissance. Its particular pattern was the famous Chateau at Blois. Mr. Richard M. Hunt is the architect and the material is Bedford stone. Four years have already been occupied in building it.

Off from the library is Mr. Vanderbilt's den, the windows of which command the choicest of views. In the plans of the house one suite of rooms was marked "Mrs. Vanderbilt," from which fact it may be inferred that Mr. Vanderbilt does not always intend to remain a bachelor.

It is hard to tell where the house ends and stable begins, for the latter is joined right on to the house and is as beautifully built as any Fifth Avenue mansion. The interior of this stable is finished with white enameled brick, such as most people are glad to have round their fireplaces.

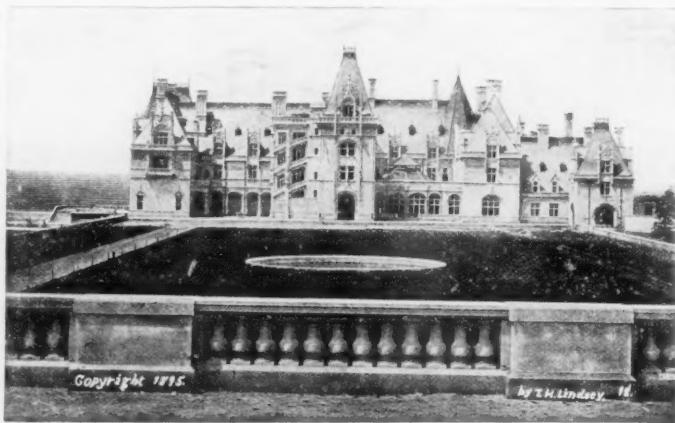
What is styled the *rampe douce* (which means gentle ascent) is situated one hundred and fifty yards from the house and faces it. This is a double zig-zag bricked driveway against a grassy hillside. It has steps in the middle suited to a horse's stride, while on either side it is smooth enough for carriage wheels.

Dotting the margin of this ascent are nine drinking fountains. The space on the esplanade between this *rampe douce* and the house is to be covered with magnificent fountains. The *rampe douce* itself will form a dark background for the fountains. It will thus come to pass that the western sun shining through the fountains will cast rainbows on the lawn. This picturesque idea was suggested by an old castle in Italy.

Within less than half a mile of his palace is a house that Mr. Vanderbilt cannot buy for love or money. It is owned by Joshua Moore, a colored man. "Josh" has been offered ten thousand dollars for his nine acres, which are really worth about five dollars per acre.

"Josh" says he has no earthly objection to Mr. Vanderbilt as a neighbor, and he goes about half clad and experiences great difficulty in obtaining the wherewithal to procure his chewing tobacco. He raises a little corn and truck, but his land is in a stony hollow and will hardly raise the seed he puts in the ground. His cabin is a rickety affair, built mainly of clapboards.

Mr. Vanderbilt is surely building a monument that will last. The solid masonry and iron girders preclude all possibility of a fire and nothing short of a volcanic eruption could destroy it. There is no reason why



THE VANDERBILT PALACE AND TERRACES AT BILTMORE, NORTH CAROLINA.

Biltmore should not be standing one thousand years hence.

During his periodical trips to Asheville Mr. Vanderbilt lives entirely in his private car, which is replete with all the luxuries of home.

The heroic figures of Jeanne d'Arc (La Pucelle) and St. Louis, first modeled in clay and then cut in sandstone for Mr. Vanderbilt by the famous Vienno-American sculptor, Karl Bitter, were recently shipped to Biltmore and are now standing on either side of the entrance hall of his "stately pleasure dome."

The selection of Jeanne d'Arc and of St. Louis as twin guardians of the portals of his Southern home—its *lares* and *penates*—shows the happiest historic eclecticism on the part of the owner. The two figures may be said to typify in themselves Piety, Learning, Justice, Modesty, Bravery and Inspiration.

The Jeanne d'Arc is in a full suit of Medieval armor, except the gorget, which is discarded, showing the white, finely molded neck, laced with blue wandering veins. The vizor of the basinet is raised, and the eyes of the statue are lifted to commune with those Heavenly Guides and Voices who directed every movement of the inspired maid. The hands are clasped, half resting on the *quillons* of an imaginary sword, and half raised in silent prayer.

"A maiden knight, to me is given
Such hope I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here."

St. Louis of France, Louis IX., son of Blanche of Castile, was a great as well as a pious and virtuous king. In this respect he is peerless in French history. He was a born Crusader.

"My good blade curves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is of the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

The decided chin, firm but not hard mouth, and deep-set, serious and yet kindly eyes of M. Bitter's knightly model; the stoutly advanced foot, the tight grip on the heavy, long, flat crusading sword, well betoken the Bayard of chivalry—*sans peur et sans reproche*.

"THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MISS BROWN."

This is the latest of the broad English farce comedies imported for the delectation of American audiences. It was brought out at the Standard Theatre in New York on December 2, and took the house by storm. Its humor and comic situations were so strong that even the careless acting or over-acting of the company could not mar them. The piece has all the elements of a great success, but to bring out its fine points either the company (with a few exceptions) must be changed for a stronger one, or the actors and actresses now playing it must restudy and remodel their parts. As rendered on the first night, nearly all the artists over-acted, or spoiled the genuine humor of the piece by burlesque or horseplay. No Irish gentleman or lady would speak or act like Mr. Harry Brown and Miss Jennie Saiterlee made Major O'Gallagher and his wife speak and act. Miss Lillian Alliston spoiled the excellent part of Miss Romney, the boarding-school directress, by the broadest burlesquing and extravagance. Even Mr. John T. Sullivan as the English cavalry officer in skirts overdid his part. In the main it was excellent, but could have been far better by resisting the temptation to gag and exaggerate. Let us hope Mr. Sullivan will profit by the experience of the first night. For the rest Miss Helen Burg made an ideal romantic schoolgirl in love, and Mr. Louis Mann a clever German professor of music. The English detective was only fairly well played by Mr. Sparling and Mr. Harbury's lawyer could hardly have been worse.

The piece is good—admirable—one of the best that Robert Buchanan has written, this time collaborating with Mr. C. Marlowe, and ought to have a long run.



THE FISH POND.

necessary, for the plants are from all parts of the world. The different soils are chemically analyzed at frequent intervals so as to find adequate reasons for failures, or successes, in tree and plant raising.

The road in the near vicinity of the house not only leads through the wildest and most picturesque mountain scenery, but each side of it is as highly cultivated as a rose garden. And yet the random profusion and extravagance of Nature is so perfectly imitated that one would not suspect the interfering hand of man. Small evergreens and trailing vines render the ground a carpet of unbroken verdure. Ram Branch (of happy Moonshiner memory) is frequently crossed on viaducts ranging in cost from eight to ten thousand dollars.

THE EL PAS ONION.

"THE El Pas onion's easily king o' vegetables," said the old plainsman; "an' why?—because nothin' else all grow three hundred bushel to the acre on air an' alkali."

"I diskivered it by accident," he went on, "an' no credit to myself; in fact, I lost fifteen hundred dollars findin' out. It happened this way. Me and my partner had been unfortunat in bizness in El Pas, an' was prospectin' roun' for a streak o' pay dirt, when I happened to think of an old claim o' ten acres six miles outside the city that I took ov Broncho Pete for debt; an' as El Pas was a prime market fer vegetables, then we 'lowed we'd go to truckin' of it on that land."

"Hev to be irrigated," sez my partner; "but there's plenty of sluices leadin' down from the mountains, an' we can tap one."

"As he was dead broke, I put up the ante, like a fule, an' he was to do the work."

"Wal, to make a short story of it, we flooded her six inches deep, an' when she dried, my partner planted pretty much everythin' that has seeds. They cum up next day, most ov 'em, an' grew like pigweed; never see anythin' more promisin'. An' then there came a hot day, a scorcher, an' they wilted an' scolded up as though a simoon had struck 'em."

"Pard scratched his head, an' so did I; but neither could 'count fer it. He put in fresh seed—I paid for 'em—an' they cum up just like the others, an' scolded up the same way. Then I swore Pard didn't know how to raise 'em, an' he got riled an' invited me to come out an' try it myself. So I did—worked for two weeks like a mine mule, with the same result."

"About this time old Cherokee Jim, from Dead Man's Gulch, cum shuffling along an' looked over the fence."

"Why, you durned fules," sez he, "that's alkali; you couldn't grow sage brush in that sile."

"Wal, that rather disgusted us. My partner lit out fer the States, and I went back to El Pas. Then, that truck patch lay there bakin' in the sun, white as snow, fer a month. At the end of that time as I was out there one day an' old miner I'd known in the mines cum along busted, an' wanted to try his hand at it. Years before some fule had attempted to jump his claim an' got a bullet through the head, while his ball only plowed a furrow along Crazy Pete's forehead; but he never was quite himself after that, so they got to calling him Crazy Pete."

"Alkali," sez he, lookin' over the fence.

"Yes," sez I.

"'Couldn't ye let me have a little of it to work, Pard?' sez he. 'They've turned me out ov the mines, an' I 'low I'm dead broke,' sez he."

"Sartin," sez I; "take all you want, but I'm warnin' you, you'll lose all you plant. We've tried it."

"He said nothin', but took a spade an' went to spadn' it an' throwin' up each spadeful carefully on edge. I offered a team an' plow, feelin' sorry fer the old idiot that wouldn't profit by others' experience; but he said no, he preferred to spade it. Then he planted El Pas onions—the sets, not the seed, as he said he was too nigh busted to wait fer the seed to grow."

"He sot out three acres, an' my conscience pricked me when I would drive out an' see the old man there, weedin', on his hands an' knees in a sun so hot you could fry steaks in it. I thought we ought to put him in a loonatic asylum an' save him this useless labor. But how those onions did grow! an' as big round as a saucer, and of the flavor of Bermudas. I couldn't believe my eyes."

"Well, it's a fact that crazy loon took nigh ten tons of onions off that three acres an' sold 'em in El Pas fer five cents a pound. I figured he took in a cleav thousand dollars fer the crop." A. ST. CYR.

OUR TRADE WITH THE FAR EAST.

THE treaty of Shimonoseki between China and Japan was definitely ratified April 17, 1895. The principal clauses of it that interest the people of this country are those wherein it is stipulated that Japan may trade with the interior of China, establish consulates there and navigate the inland rivers under the protection of the Japanese flag. It is expected that this is but the beginning, and that the great interior of this vast Empire will soon be accessible to the commerce of all nations. Under existing treaties with other nations China allowed trade without restriction, but certain restrictions were imposed upon the Japanese; the goods imported by Japanese merchants were subjected to heavy import duties in passing into the interior, while the goods of Western merchants were subject only to pay transit dues amounting to about half the sum of the duty on imports. There is one provision of the new treaty which exempts the merchandise of Western merchants from an additional charge, for, although free to carry goods in the interior on the payment of small import duties, they were required to pay heavy transit charges when they desired to store the goods in the interior. This inconvenience the Treaty of Shimonoseki removes.

The most important feature of the treaty is that which makes it free to carry on manufacturing industries. This provision virtually opens China to new enterprises. Further provision that admits machinery free of duty may be accepted as supplementary to the foregoing. In the past machinery was imported under the general name of commodities. Only a few years ago when cotton gins were sent from Japan to China, the customs authorities objected on the ground that China did not allow foreigners to engage in manufacturing industries in the interior, and, therefore, the importation of machinery for manufacturing purposes could not be permitted; but now machinery, formerly brought in as "commodities," is imported as machinery. In view of the changed condition it is indeed time that this country should direct, if possible, the attention of capitalists in the direction of this enormous human hive just opening its gates to modern invention and modern commerce and manufactures.

Mr. Jernigan, United States Consul at Shanghai, has

transmitted some valuable observations to the Department of Agriculture. He points out that Chinese merchants, as a class, are honest, and meet their obligations as promptly as any other merchants in the world.

It is rather singular that there is not a banking institution conducted by American capital and Americans in either China or Japan, notwithstanding we have been doing business with both countries. It is suggested that the establishment of an American bank in China or Japan would at least give the color of permanency to American enterprise in Asia.

China being a country incomparable in resources, and acknowledged to be the wealthiest in the world, the question may well be asked, Why should not American capitalists recognize a primary principle in the extension of the trade relations of this country? Great Britain, France and Germany have banks in China and Japan, and the merchants of these nations are supported by the banking institutions of their own countries; and they have been dividing both the banking and the commercial profits of Asiatic commerce. American merchants in Asia have no such encouragement, and are compelled to transact their business through foreign banks.

Besides, if American capitalists and merchants propose to make permanent business investments in China, they should study with the greatest diligence the wants of the Chinese, and not venture too far without accurately estimating all the surroundings. It may be said that China is the great undeveloped country of the world, and that new developments, attended with profit, await well directed enterprise in the Empire.

Our principal exports to Japan are wheat, flour, clocks and watches, machinery and other manufactures of iron and steel, sole leather, refined mineral oil, meat and dairy products, and manufactured tobacco.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, we exported to Japan \$3,986,815 worth of merchandise, and in 1895, \$4,634,655 worth; in 1894 we imported from Japan \$19,426,522, and in 1895, \$23,682,583. Of all classes of merchandise we shipped to China in the years 1894 and 1895, respectively, \$5,862,426 and \$3,603,365. Our imports from China in the same two years were, respectively, \$17,135,028 and \$20,544,792.

This is, of course, a losing game with the Far East. Under the new conditions, why cannot American enterprise try to get back some of this balance of trade?

COUNT VON TAAFFE.

A LEAF FROM THE HISTORY OF AN IRISH EXILE

THE death of Count Taaffe, the ex-Prime Minister of Austro-Hungary, on November 29, at his castle at Ellischau in Bohemia, removes a familiar figure from the stage of Austrian politics.

There were few more widely known or more popular personages in the Austrian capital than Count Taaffe, and, it might be added, none more quaint and odd-looking. Born at Prague on February 24, 1833, he succeeded to the Irish titles of Viscount Corren and Baron of Ballymote in the County of Sligo, on the death of his brother, Count Charles, in 1864. He had been Prime Minister, Privy Chancellor and Chamberlain to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor. He was also life member of the Austrian House of Lords, Knight of the Golden Fleece and Count of the Holy Roman Empire.

Imbued thoroughly with the idea of the divine right of the house of Hapsburg to rule, he was nevertheless an advocate of an extension of the right of suffrage, and of the masses as against the classes. He was, moreover, unalterably opposed to the anti-Semitic spirit of the times.

Outside of politics his eccentricities served to make him familiar to almost every one in Vienna, and his odd personal characteristics afforded abundant material for the Vienna caricaturists. His long, narrow head, with a profusion of black hair falling over the collar of his quaintly cut old gray frock coat, a curious-looking black silk hat perched on the back of his head—he shared the honors with his old coachman, who copied the style and manners of dress of his master so well that when dressed in one of the Count's discarded coats he was not infrequently taken for his master. It is even said that the man who was competent to sway Parliamentary majorities almost at will was completely at the mercy of his old Jehu, who exercised an amusing control over him, as a result of thirty years' faithful service.

The history of the family of Taaffe is one remarkable for unswerving loyalty to God and the king. The first of the family to hold the present Irish titles was Sir John Taaffe, created Viscount Corren and Baron of Ballymote by Charles I. in recognition of services rendered to the Crown, the letters patent bearing date Dublin, August 1, 1628. Eleven sons were born to Baron John, of whom two entered the Church, Theobald, the second Viscount, and his eight brothers, true to their king, fought on his side throughout the Cromwellian troubles, and Theobald being subsequently exempted by Cromwell from pardon "for life and estate," took service in Austria. Recalled from exile by Charles II., he was created Earl of Carlingford for his fidelity and was subsequently sent as Ambassador to the Court of the Emperor Leopold of Germany.

Nicholas, third Viscount and second Earl of Carlingford, fell at the battle of the Boyne at the head of a detachment of James's troops. His successor was his brother Francis, the celebrated General Count Taaffe of the Empire. Born at Ballymote, he was educated at Ohnatz and made one of the pages of honor to the Emperor Ferdinand. During the lifetime of Nicholas, sixth Viscount Taaffe, who was born in Sligo, an Act of Parliament was passed, February 1, 1703, in the reign of Queen Anne, which prevented a "Papist" from inheriting land so long as there was a Protestant heir to claim it. Under this law the title and estates of the Earldom of Carlingford, and the other estates of the Taaffes, all passed to Protestant heirs; and since that time the Viscounts Taaffe have been settled as Counts of the Austrian Empire.

The late Count Taaffe was possessed of several large estates, five in Bohemia and two in Hungary, and as the descendant of Viscount Theobald, the exile of 1652, has proved the truth of the words uttered in the British

House of Commons in February, 1844, by Lord Macaulay—viz., that "the Irish Catholic, if he aspires to be powerful, must begin by being an exile." As if in harmony with the Catholic traditions of the family, the escutcheon of the Taaffes represents in a certain sense marked Catholic sentiment—the crest, a hand brandishing a naked sword above the Cross (the shield), as though drawn in its defense, while the motto, "*In hoc signo spes mea*" (In this sign is my hope) may be accepted as a profession of faith in the religion of the Cross.

WILLIAM F. TAAFFE.

THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

BY BOBBY B. FRANKLIN.

"ATTENTION, all!" said the old, brown cock,

As he reared his head and began to knock

With his beak on the big barn door;

"We have met, my friends, to devise a way

For keeping our heads over Christmas day—

And the question perplexes me sore!

"Last year my mother was snatched from the fence,

And her poor head paid for her confidence;

She knew so much more than the others, she thought I—

Mr. Gobbler, I think," said the cock, as he bowed

To a large, fat turkey who stood in the crowd;

"Some one of your family also was caught!"

"Tis so!" cried the turkey. "I sat in a tree,

Just as near to the sky as I could possibly be;

I saw an old man come along with an ax.

Pretty soon there arose a cry of distress—

I nearly fell off of my pole, I confess,

When I heard the instrument's terrible whacks!

"I sat and I shivered the live-long night,

And sneaked to the fields with the first morning light,

Where I stayed the whole of Christmas day;

And when I came back, in horror, I saw

In the yard, the feathers of my mother-in-law—

I believe that is all I've at present to say."

Mr. Gobbler retired as he brushed from his eye

A couple of tears; then a goose, with a sigh,

Walked up to the front—scarce any one breathed,

For well it was known to all gathered there

That her sorrows were greater than one goose should bear.

For of children, five, she had been bereaved.

In tragical way she recited her tale;

The listeners shuddered, and many grew pale,

And quaked at the shadows which lay on the floor.

The poor little chicks who came late in the Fall,

Scampered up to their mother, in terror, to crawl

'Neath her wing when the wind shook the big barn door.

Said the old, brown cock: "You see how it goes!

We either must fly or put up with those woes.

As for me, I deem it a capital plan

To gather, to-morrow, every fowl on the place,

And retreat to the fields—that will settle the case—

Just as quickly as ever we can!"

"Not I!" said the turkey who previously spoke;

"A night in the fields is a miserable joke!

There's nothing to roost on—go, if you will—

I'll take my old perch high up in the tree,

As near to the sky as can possibly be,

I'm sure to be safe if I keep very still!"

But the goose didn't see it that way, she said:

"Mr. Cock, a goose can't roost overhead!"

"That's so!" cried a half-dozen ducks, all at once.

"I move," chimed a fat little chicken, "we take

A ballot on this, just for harmony's sake—

As for me, I think Mr. Gobbler's a dunce!"

"All those who favor a night on the ground

Say 'I'!" spoke the cock, who counted and found

That all but the turkey had voted to go.

To the ducks and the geese 'twas a serious matter,

So they, with the chicks, set up a great clatter

In trying to drown Mr. Gobbler's loud "no!"

Next morning the fowls were led by the cock—

He was appointed the boss of the flock—

Far over the hills to the fields, away.

The fattest of all were the swiftest to run;

And after the tiresome journey was done,

All agreed that the turkey was foolish to stay.

* * *

'Twas Christmas eve; Mr. Gobbler sat high

On a limb in his tree, most up to the sky;

And laughed at his friends in the field, when he thought

Of them sitting out there on the frost-covered ground

The night was so dark he'd never be found!

"Tis folly," said he, "to think I'll be caught!"

Soon after, he heard the slam of a door;

The smile on his face disappeared, and he wore

A look of anxiety: "Who can it be?"

"Now, where's that old turkey?" he heard some one say;

"Great heavens! a man is coming this way,

And sure as I live, he's hunting for me!"

Just then the moon, big and bright, 'gan to creep

O'er the edge of the clouds, just to take a wee peep

At the slumb'ring old earth, down below.

That was all. Mr. Gobbler was seen in the tree,

And soon he was dead as he ever could be—

The children enjoyed his fat drumsticks, I know!

THE ancient Romans made all men of full age marry, or pay a penalty, and a very old English law also made marriage compulsory for all men of twenty-five and upward.

Milk should be sipped slowly, if it is to be properly digested; for if it is swallowed quickly it enters the stomach and then forms in one solid, curdled mass, difficult of digestion.

Acidity is due to the presence of an excess of gastric juice in the stomach, and is one of the many forms of indigestion. It is not by any means a serious complaint, and can be readily cured by a little judicious management.

In a lecture delivered some thirty years ago a well-known doctor stated that the only case on record of a death from a broken heart was that of a brewer's drayman.



THE END OF AN ANCIENT SONG.

DRAWN BY MAX VOLKHART—ENGRAVED BY KLOSE AND WOLLMERSTADT.



"BLACK IS A PEARL IN A WOMAN'S EYE."

THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. S. WOOD.

OUR BIGGEST HAPPY THOUGHT.



BADGE OF THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB

The Happy Thought Club idea is so very popular that COLLIER'S WEEKLY is determined to induce some one to plant it in every neighborhood. Hence it says to all the readers of this paper that every one who shall organize a Happy Thought Club of at least ten members, within ten days after reading this announcement, may select any book or books published by Mr. Collier to the value of \$2.50. Should the club number fifteen members, five dollars' worth of books may be selected; and for a club of twenty or more members, a splendid gold badge worth \$10 will be given. These prizes may be selected at the time of ordering the charter and full number of badges, or within any reasonable length of time thereafter. That is to say, any one who has organized a club of ten members or over, will receive free as a prize his or her own selection of any book or books valued at \$2.50 published by Mr. Collier, as soon as the charter and ten four months' subscriptions or ten badges shall have been ordered by the members of that club. For a club of fifteen members or over, books valued at \$5 may be selected by the organizer, when fifteen four months' subscriptions or fifteen badges and the charter shall have been ordered. The organizer of a club of twenty members or over will receive a beautiful gold badge valued at \$10 when the charter and twenty four months' subscriptions or twenty badges shall have been ordered.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY intends to give away five thousand (5,000) prizes. Will you have one?

Should more than ten days be required in which to complete the larger clubs, one day additional will be allowed for each additional member, provided the organizer shall report at the end of ten days what has been accomplished during that time. Should a club of ten or more be organized and officered within as many days as there shall be members, thirty days additional will be allowed for the ordering of charter and badges.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY thus offers the certainty of a prize to one member of every family who reads this announcement. The liberality and magnitude of this offer is unprecedented. But COLLIER'S WEEKLY likes to make boys and girls happy, and wishes to do all it can to aid them in growing into good and useful men and women. You should remember, also, that Mr. Collier has the largest establishment in the world for the manufacture of good books which are offered at unusually low prices. As one of the happiest of happy thoughts is the crowding out of bad literature by the introduction of such books as Mr. Collier publishes, it is believed that every dollar expended in the establishment of Happy Thought Clubs will sooner or later result in the sale of many good books.

NOTHING ELSE SO EASY.

In no single instance yet reported has it been difficult to find those who were willing to join Happy Thought Clubs. In fact, almost without an exception, every one has been delighted with the opportunity of becoming a member of such an organization. In every case the real work has been done within a few hours, although days may have passed before the club was formally organized. For instance, Master Joey Frangenberg, of Milwaukee, writes: "I quickly ate my dinner and ran to school to ask the boys to join the club. I asked sixteen boys and only one refused, so I already had fifteen members. And when I came home from school I started right out again and found four more members."

Among the many happy thoughts that have inspired my labors in promoting this movement is the means it affords for the development of those who are soon to become the leaders in every field of action. Every boy or girl or older person who shall be quick to grasp this opportunity to organize and become the leader of a band of ten or more persons is likely to become in time a greater leader with a larger following. And if by this means I shall be able to in line thousands not only to take the first or initiative step in an active leadership, but to become more accomplished and helpful to themselves as well as to others, I shall be delighted.

Remember, the handsome aluminum badges cost fifty cents each, or one will be sent free on receipt of one dollar for a four months' subscription to COLLIER'S WEEKLY. This offer, however, is only made to members of Happy Thought Clubs. The subscription must be received through them, although the paper will be mailed to any address. The price of the charter is one dollar; but it will be sent free to any club when eight four months' subscriptions shall have been ordered through the members of that club.

Our first Happy Thought Club song was published in COLLIER'S WEEKLY of December 5. It was written to the tune of "America," and has been so enthusiastically received as to assure me that there would be a warm welcome accorded several more. Who will send them in?

Very full instructions for organizing clubs were given in COLLIER'S WEEKLY of October 31. But for the benefit of our new subscribers and new organizers, COLLIER'S WEEKLY reprints the Constitution and By-Laws, and invites every person who reads these generous offers to at once form a popular and helpful Happy Thought Club among his or her friends and acquaintances.

CONSTITUTION.

ART. I.—This society shall be called "The Happy Thought Club."

ART. II.—Its object shall be to inspire, cultivate and act upon "happy thoughts," to be educationally and otherwise helpful to members, to be of service to others, and to promote social pleasures.

ART. III.—Any person may become a member of this society on a majority vote of all the members present at the meeting next

following that at which his or her name has been proposed, after signing the Constitution and By-Laws, and paying the initiation fee of — cents.

ART. IV.—This society shall hold regular meetings every — at the homes of the different members, on invitation, or elsewhere when deemed advisable.

ART. V.—The officers of this society shall consist of a president, first vice-president, second vice-president, secretary, assistant secretary, treasurer and assistant treasurer. There shall also be elected a standing committee of three.

BY-LAWS.

I.—There shall be a semi-annual election of officers held at the first regular meetings in the months of March and October respectively.

II.—It shall be the duty of the president to call the meetings to order; to preside at the meetings; to announce the business before the assembly, in the order in which it is to be acted upon; to receive and submit all motions and propositions presented by the members; to put to vote all questions and to announce the results; to keep order; to receive all messages and other communications and announce them to the club; to authenticate by his or her signature, when necessary, all important papers, and all the acts, orders and proceedings of the club, and to decide all points of order.

III.—The first vice-president shall, in the absence of the president, perform all the usual duties devolving upon such office, and shall also take the chair when the president wishes to debate any question with the members.

IV.—It shall be the duty of the second vice-president, in the absence of both the president and first vice-president, to perform all the duties above specified.

V.—It shall be the duty of the secretary to take notes of all proceedings and enter them truly in his journal; to read all papers that are ordered to be read; to call the roll of members at each meeting and note their answers; to notify all special committees of their appointments, and all committees of the business referred to them; to authenticate by his signature wherever necessary, in conjunction with that of the president, all important matters and all proceedings of the club, and to keep safely all papers and documents of every description belonging to the club except those pertaining to the treasurer.

VI.—It shall be the duty of the assistant secretary to perform faithfully all the duties devolving upon the secretary whenever such officer shall be absent.

VII.—It shall be the duty of the treasurer to receive, pay out when so ordered, and keep an accurate account of all moneys belonging to the club.

VIII.—It shall be the duty of the assistant treasurer, in the absence of the treasurer, to faithfully perform all the duties pertaining to the said office.

IX.—It shall be the duty of the standing committee to investigate and report upon all important questions referred to them, except when special committees shall, at the request of the members, be appointed for such matters.

X.—The Constitution and By-Laws may be amended at any meeting designated for such purpose, by a two-thirds majority of all members of the club, provided the proposed amendment has been submitted in writing to each one at least two weeks previously.

The following order of business should be adopted for all future meetings, and should be strictly adhered to:

- I.—Calling the meeting to order.
- II.—Calling the roll of officers and members.
- III.—Reading, correcting if necessary, and approving the minutes of the previous meeting.
- IV.—Election of new members.
- V.—Proposing new members.
- VI.—Reports of officers and committees.
- VII.—Special order of business.
- VIII.—Unfinished business.
- IX.—Communications and new business.
- X.—Motion to adjourn.

At the time COLLIER'S WEEKLY announced the first series of prizes to the organizers of Happy Thought Clubs, it stated that the names of the winners would be published the last week in December. Our earnest young workers, therefore, will need to remain in suspense but two weeks longer. Some of the prize winners, or *earners*—I like that name better—may be apprised of their success slightly in advance of the receipt of the paper of that date, for COLLIER'S WEEKLY intends that each boy and girl shall receive his or her well-merited reward by Christmas Day. What a happy thought it will be if the disappointed ones shall be able to rejoice because some other girls and boys have been made happy.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

The especial treat for this week consists in introducing to you, through their portraits, and also in short stories about their lives, three of our young organizers—Miss Kate Estelle Robinson of Woodlawn, Ala.; Miss Lizzie Bowles Hawkins of Corbin, Ky., and Master Benjamin Indorsky of New York City. With all of these our Happy Thought Club members are partially acquainted by means of the published letters they have written.

Miss Kate Robinson was born June 7, 1880, at Easonville, St. Clair County, Ala.

She is five feet two inches in height, with gray eyes, a fair complexion, and a hair of a peculiar golden orange shade, exceedingly fine, yet from its texture indicating a marked degree of character and firmness on the part of its possessor. The portrait will speak for itself in all other particulars.

This member of the Happy Thought Club is now in the junior year at the Woodlawn High School, and her aim in life is to be a great artist. She has studied art not quite two years, and draws in charcoal, crayon and pastel, and also paints in oil. In addition to her school and other duties, Miss Robinson has, since last June, executed five crayon portraits, the last of which was accomplished entirely without assistance, and she is now preparing to do one from life. Her teacher credits Miss Kate with being the best pupil she ever instructed. My wish and prayer for her is that success in her chosen life work may be granted, and that she may constantly realize that her talent is the gift of a dear Heavenly Father, to whom for the proper use of which strict account must be rendered. May she use it as a happy thought for the good of others as well as of herself.

MISS KATE E. ROBINSON.



It requires a corps of scientific men to construct a bicycle that will meet the demands of the modern rider. We have the best men in the world in each department—steel experts, mechanical experts, superintendent, master mechanic, etc.—the largest and most thoroughly modern bicycle plant in the world—buy the best of high-grade material, regardless of cost, and make every part under our own roof—hence we know we are right in warranting the Waverley to be the best bicycle built in the world, regardless of price. Do you want the best? Our catalogue is free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO., Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.

Miss Lizzie Hawkins is more than six years the junior of her co-laborer in the Happy Thought Club work, but is also a Southern girl, having been born in Somerset, Ky., August 12, 1886. For the past two years she has been a resident of Corbin, in the same State, where she has successfully organized a club that at her last writing embraced twenty-two members. Little Miss Lizzie attends school, and thinks she would like to be a music teacher when older, but is probably too young as yet to fully decide so important a question. When a very little girl she was greatly concerned about the different modes of baptism practiced in the Presbyterian and Baptist Churches, her papa belonging to one and her mamma to the other faith. So, watching the cook one day dressing some chickens, the little girl inquired: "Jane, what kind of chickens are those?" "Brown chickens," was the reply. "Oh!" exclaimed the child, "I thought they must be Baptist because you dipped them clear under the water." One more story about the bright sayings of Miss Lizzie when considerably younger than she is now. An old



MISS LIZZIE B. HAWKINS.

colored man named Ike was working about her home, and as every one else called him Ike, naturally this little girl did the same. But her mamma said that he was too old for so young a child to call Ike, and she must say "Uncle Ike." "Oh, please," pleaded little Lizzie, as she ran crying to her mamma, "don't have me so much kin to an old black man! Can't I say Cousin Ike?" These stories show two traits of character the little girl possessed in an unusual degree for one so young. One was observation, the other reason. Such a child should make a good deal of her life if it is spared to womanhood, and I think she has already begun to do what she can by working so faithfully for the Happy Thought Club.

Master Benjamin Indorsky, who politely gave precedence to the young ladies, is thirteen years old, and was born in this city. At present he is a pupil of Grammar School No. 2, from which he hopes to soon graduate. When old enough, and sufficiently advanced in his studies, Master Benjamin intends to enter college, and later on, the medical profession.

Above everything else, his aim in life is to be a blessing to parents and friends. The young lad's letters show how earnest, active and persevering he is in the Happy Thought Club work, and how much he has already accomplished. Master Indorsky belongs to another club, called the "Fountain League," the object of which is to protect the fountain in Rutgers' Square, this city, from the depredations of bad boys in the neighborhood. As worthy as is the object of the League, Master Benjamin states that he prides himself even more in being the organizer and a member of the Happy Thought Club, to which he wishes "success," and his enthusiastic and judicious efforts in its behalf attest the sincerity of his words.



MASTER BENJAMIN INDORSKY.

Heave not thy victory, Death!
It is but as the cloud's o'er the sunbeam's power,
It is but as the winter's o'er leaf and flower
That slumber the snow beneath!

It is but as a tyrant's reign,
O'er the voice and the lip which he bids be still,
But the fiery thought and the lofty will
Are not for him to chain! —F. HEMANS.

BEAR in mind, that to be truly great, it is not necessary that you should gain wealth and importance. Steadfast and undeviating truth, fearless and straightforward integrity, and an honor ever unsullied by an unworthy word or action, make their possessor greater than worldly success or prosperity. These qualities constitute greatness. PEABODY.

PAPER cans are now being made in the United States to take the place of tin cans for preserving food. As tin cans are made and sealed now the danger of poisoning from canned food is reduced to a minimum, but by the use of paper cans it is done away with altogether.

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MODES OF THE MOMENT IN PARIS AND LONDON.

LONDON, Dec. 4, 1895.

WHEN in the future people speak of the fashions of 1895, it will be admitted that it was a year of indecision; nothing is strikingly new, yet less is distinctively antique. The periods pressed into the service of Madame la Mode are polyglot, and their ramifications quite extraordinary. *Parisiennes*, one may safely assert, never depart very far from the Louis XV., Louis XVI. and the Empire styles, but in London these are modified or intensified or combined with the modes which are associated with some of the most picturesque epochs of national history—the Tudor, the Elizabethan and the Charles II. Sometimes there is a craze for some particular garment, derived from a certain regiment, some hero, or heroine; for instance, the "Tribby" collar of the moment, or the Garibaldi, the Zouave, the Bolero, which have all had their day, and have been adapted from the idiosyncratic costume of a military leader, or from the prevailing style of a certain class of workers. Friendly relations, or otherwise, between countries are another source of fashions: at one time the Russian peasant's monilk was laid under contribution by the French and English alike, and the Hussar jacket of the "Braves d'Autriche" had a *succes d'estime* after Austerlitz, Marengo and Wagram.

The cloak of the moment in Paris is the Louis XV. *collet*. It is either of velvet or cloth, sometimes very richly embroidered, and with a hood or double capes of fur; or of the material, edged with feather trimming. The collar spreads out very wide, and so protects the back of the head, neck and ears. The sealskin and other fur mantles are this year enriched with *passanterie*, yokes of handsome brocade, or revers of velvet,

WHERE TO FIND GAME.

WHERE to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in gamey fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

Good hotels are convenient, and horses and guides can be secured at reasonable rates.

For circular showing fishing and hunting resorts reached by the B. & O. R. R., address: Chas. O. Seuil, Gen'l. Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

overlaid with guipure or lace. The collars are chiefly *evase*, and by some extraordinary want of taste these are often lined with chiffon. Nothing could possibly be in worse taste; it is a mode which lacks, as Boileau said, "*du bon sens et de l'art*," for there is in it no element of warmth, and certainly it is not becoming. Fur is out and away the best of all frames for a woman's face during the cold days of winter; it softens angles, gives brightness to the eyes, warmth to the pallid and a relief to the flord. Every kind of fur is fashionable now—chinchilla, sealskin and sable being the favorites; but mink, broadtail, Persian lamb, silver and blue fox, golden otter and beaver are not far behind them. For the lining of cloaks and coats squirrel, Hamster and Kolinski rat, and ermine are used, and two or more furs are frequently seen in conjunction. A handsome coat of sealskin will have a collar of sable, which is, in turn, narrowly edged with astrakhan, or a cape of sable will have the collar and hood of chinchilla. Fur is on everything, edging the skirts of gowns, the *decolletage* of evening gowns, dresses, and even bordering the Marie Antoinette fichus of white mousseline-de-soie or lace.

An exquisite gown of sapphire-blue velvet, cut *en coeur*, lately made for an English duchess, is rendered most sumptuous with its trimming of beaver and Point d'Alencon lace, a panel of white satin let in to the front of the skirt being appliqued with the new aluminum thread which is quite as brilliant as silver, and possesses the additional advantage of perennial brightness. The dress worn at the Guildhall, on the 9th inst., by the new Lady Mayoress, Lady Wilkin, was also embroidered with this thread, the design being one of festoons on a white satin jupe, and on the corsage, the train of turquoise velvet, bordered with white ostrich plumes and lined with maize satin.

The Louis XVI. coats are coming in again, more especially for evening dress, and they are undoubtedly stylish for slim, graceful figures, made in brocade, Lyons and Spitalfields silks, lamas, chiné and painted velvets, and satins. Lace jabots and the lovely inlaid and brilliant buttons find their proper sphere on these coats, which are copies of the most gorgeously dressed periods of French history. The waistcoats worn with these habits are of rarely embossed fabrics, or of lace and fur. A coat of pale-rose brocade, patterned with roses de *Tremouille*, is cut away from the waist in front, while behind it forms the stiff double plaits *a la Louis XVI.*, a waistcoat of crimson velvet embroidered in gold and coral, and a cravate of old lace are added, the sleeves, with their lace trills and gauntlet cuffs, matching the

waistcoat, being most characteristic; the buttons on this are of pink topaz, set in fine brilliants. For the sleeves of ball and reception gowns there is a return to the old-fashioned tulle; scarfs of it are arranged down either side of the skirts, terminating in bows of ribbon or a tassel of flowers. The days of chiffon are declining, and the *debutante* will soon be garbed again in the filmy fabric of the "sixties." A dress of plain satin in blue, pink, lemon, mauve or white is rendered quite ideal by the addition of full puffed sleeves and a berth of tulle in the same color, and groups of roses or some other flower among it.

In the French capital the smartest effects for wedding toilettes and *robes de soirées* are obtained by *peau de soie*. At a recent marriage the bride's mother wore a skirt of emerald-green *peau de soie*, with a Louis XIII. coat of velvet in the same shade, almost entirely covered with gold embroidery, picked out with paillettes of crystal and silver. Her hat was a pale-green velvet capote, spangled with brilliants, and having an aigrette of green and black. Two sisters were in cream and pale-blue *peau de soie*, the coats having some beautiful embroidery, and their hats being Lamballe ones, much trimmed with feathers and brilliants, and with scarfs of gauze twisted round them.

Blue is much in vogue in Paris, both for day and evening wear. It is the favorite color of the President's daughter, Mlle. Lucie Faure, and the young Duchesse de Brissac and the Marquise de Breteuil also greatly affect it. In London, the color *par excellence* of the season is green; it is to be seen in every tone, from the pale eau de Nil and pistachio to the most somber myrtle, emerald, water-cress, chartreuse, apple, moss, lettuce and dull sage—all are fashionable, and most of them are becoming. Brown, with its variants of cedar, chocolate, beaver, tabac, mushroom, coburg, seal, chestnut, Havana and mordoré, and many versions of red are among the colors of the present time. The best of the dark tones are sultan, caroubier, Etna, Diogene, Boreal and grenat, while among the brighter ones we have a new coquelicot, a very vivid Turkey and a Carnot, which is between these.

Gilt leather, copiously embroidered and jeweled, is the *dernier cri* in Paris for the Louis XVI. belts which are seen on evening bodices—or, to be more correct, which form the bodice itself. The embroidery on these is often of a floral design, and the various blooms are of the jewels which best correspond with their natural hues. Harebells and wild roses of pale turquoises and coral, with jet centres, or tufts of violets; amethysts, with emeralds thrown in by way of foliage, and rubies and pearls doing duty for

roses, white and red, are some of the charming contrasts and combinations obtained in these. Another pretty idea is to embroider a white satin gown with branches of lilac or posies of cornflowers or poppies, the flowers being imitated in amethysts, sapphires or rubies, and the branches, stamens and cups in emeralds or peridots. LAURA ALEX SMITH.

A NEW theory has lately been advanced to the effect that the lights and shadows of the moon are incompatible with the theory of its spherical shape.

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